CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

WITHOUT THE LOVE SCENES.

Ecce ſpectaculum dignum, ad quod reſpiciat, intentus operi ſuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut ſpectet Catonem, jam partibus non ſemel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. de Divin. Prov.

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MDCCLXIV.

35

MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ EXULANTES

MUSARUM AMATORIBUS.

Brugis, 8. *Kal. Oct.* 1763.

TRagœdiam, quam eruditissimus ADDISONUS noster Anglicè nunc pridem edidit, & quam nos nuper Latinè vertimus, Populares Ornatissimi, publici jam juris facimus, non tam, ut laudem aliquam apud vos aucupemur, quàm ne iniquitati succubuisse fortunæ, aut de veteri nostrâ consuetudine institutoque aliquid remisisse videamur. Ea verò est Poëtæ nostratis dignitas, ea in scribendo sententiarum gravitas, verborumque delectus, ut quod ille tanto cum plausu linguâ vernaculâ cecinit, nos alienâ referre non sine timore aggrediamur. Recreat autem nos; & hortatur ipsa argumenti præstantia, quæ Anglis æquè & pariter cum ipso CATONE patriæ amantissimis nequit non grata accidere. Atque adeò hoc vos potissimùm, quibus inscriberetur, munere dignos esse duximus, qui omni humanitatis & literarum laude ornati, amicam, ut speramus, Musæ verecundæ manum præbere

præbere non dedignabimini. Sed si quis fortè vestrûm interea requirat sublatas ex scenâ tricas amatorias, si mutatum hinc & inde aliquantulum rerum ordinem miretur ille si severam cogitet CATONIS indolem, & secum reputet (quod, ante nos, acris sanè judicii homines de hâc ipsâ Tragœdia * censuerunt) amores, pereunte præsertim Republicâ, minùs convenire luctibus, nobis hoc, quod postulabat ipsius operis lex, castique, cui serviebamus, Theatri consuetudo, haud gravatè concedet. Cæterùm, si quid CATO minùs accuratè pro senatore Romano, aut minùs eleganter loqui videatur, id vel tenuitati nostræ, vel exilii, quibus afflictamur, incommodis, quoniam ea est humanitas vestra, tribuatur.

Valete.

---

* VOLTAIRE *& alii.*

LECTORI.

LECTORI.

CUM interpretis consilium fuerit CATONEM in scenam dare, eum solummodò, ut civem Romanum, summâ patriæ charitate celeberrimum, exhibere eo sermone, quo olim utebatur, illud in primis curæ fuit, ut egregia Clarissimi Viri ADDISONI hujus Tragœdiæ Autoris sensa assecutus, ea pro dignitate eloqui videretur, salvâ tamen libertate, quam *Venusinus* asserit & commendat,

Nec verbo verbum curabit reddere fidus
Interpres . . . . . HOR.

Ablegatis itaque Scenis, ubi amantes colloquuntur, necesse fuit aliqua, omnino paucula, mutare in vernacula nostra editione, quandóque etiam aliquot versus ex aliis Scenis aliò transducere, quò Drama sibi meliùs constaret ejúsque partes aptiori nexu invicem jungerentur.

Indicantur in margine præcipuæ mutationes & unde ipsa propemodum autoris verba transcripta sunt, si quis minutiora ista curiosiùs explorare volet.

VOLTAIRE *sur la Tragedie Angloise.*

LE CATON de Mr. ADDISON me paroit le plus beau personnage qui soit sur aucun Théatre, mais les autres rôles de la piece n'y repondent pas; & cet ouvrage si bien écrit est défiguré par un intrigue froide d'amour, qui repand sur la piece une langueur qui la tuë.

LA coûtume d'introduire de l'amour à tort & à travers dans les ouvrages dramatiques, passa de Paris à Londres vers l'an 1660 avec nos rubans & nos perruques. Les femmes qui parent les spectacles, comme ici, ne veulent plus souffrir qu'on leur parle d'autre chose que d'amour. Le sage ADDISON eût la molle complaisance de plier la severité de son caractére aux mœurs de son tems, & gâta un chef d'œuvre pour avoir voulu plaire.

To the READER.

AS the intent of the Tranſlator was to ſet forth the generous ſentiments of the Roman Patriot in a language he formerly ſpoke, greater care has been taken to preſerve the dignity of thought and expreſſion, than to give a verbal tranſlation.

Nec verbo verbum curabit reddere fidus
Interpres . . . . . HOR.

The Love Scenes being entirely out, it has been neceſſary here and there to make ſome ſmall change in the original expreſſion, and ſometimes to borrow verſes from different ſcenes, to make the tranſition and connection of the parts natural.

The chief changes are marked in the margin, and the places where the verſes are to be found, which in this Verſion are read in other Scenes, if any deſire to be ſatisfied about a trifle of this nature.

VOLTAIRE *on the Engliſh Tragedy.*

MR. ADDISON'S CATO is in my opinion the greateſt character that ever appeared on the ſtage; but the inferior parts of the play are no ways anſwerable to it. That excellent work is disfigured by an insipid intrigue, which, by the extreme flatneſs of it, murders the whole piece.

THE cuſtom of introducing love, right or wrong, upon the ſtage paſſed from Paris to London about the year 1660, with our ribbands and perukes. The ladies, who grace the public appearance at theatrical exhibitions there, as they do here, will hear nothing but love. The grave ADDISON was ſo weak, as to ſubmit his auſtere genius to the manners of the age, and, out of a deſire to pleaſe, ſpoiled a maſterly performance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATO,

LUCIUS, SENATOR.

SEMPRONIUS, SENATOR.

JUBA, NUMIDIÆ *Princeps.*

SYPHAX, *Dux* NUMIDARUM.

PORCIUS, } CATONIS *Filii.*

MARCUS, }

DECIUS, *Legatus à* CÆSARE.

Nuncius, Seditiosi, Satellites, &c.

SCENA UTICÆ *in Prætorio.*

CATO.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

CATO.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

PORCIUS.

OBTECTA dubium nube ſqualenti jubar
Aurora terris revehit exoriens diem,
Diem tremendum, lugubrem, & fato gravem
Romæ & Catonis. Patris effuſus cruor
Civilis omne penitus impleret nefas,
Clademque belli. Parte plus mediâ inſolens
Orbis ſubactâ, Cæſar humanum genus
Rareſcere videt marte deletum impio.
Si porrò pergat, terra, jam prope incolis
Exhauſta, tantis criminum haud ultra queat
Sufficere monſtris. Quanta, proh ſuperi! mala
Invexit orbi dira regnandi ſitis?

MARCUS.

CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PORCIUS, MARCUS.

PORCIUS.

THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th'important day, big with the fate
Of CATO, and of Rome. Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make,
Among your works!

MARCUS.

Virtute nixus Stoicâ has rerum vices,
Hæc fæva patriæ buſta tranquillo potes
Animo intueri. Mente ego inſanâ feror,
Quoties ſuperbi imago victoris ſubit.
Quoties ad aures Cæſaris nomen venit,
Theſſalica toties arva Romano ebria
Cruore, toties cæde bacchantem ferâ
Cernere tyrannum videor. Inſultans equo
Vehitur per aciem civibus ſtratam ſuis,
Humilíque mixtos plebe patricios duces
Cruentus obterit ungulâ. O, ſi quod polo eſt
Fulmen repoſtum, fulmen inſueto rubens
Furore, Porci, nubibus ruptis micet,
Viríque flammâ vindice involvat caput,
Qui per ruinas patriæ ſternit ſibi
Iter ad honores!

PORCIUS.

Ille, mihi crede, impio
Qui ſcelere paritur, ſplendidè mendax honor
Haud invidendus fuerit. O quanto magis
Operoſa patris inclyti virtus nitet!
Spiſſâ malorum nube depreſſus licet
Multa aſpera tulit, major è dubiis tamen
Micuit procellis, luce conſpicuus novâ;
Multa quoque bello paſſus, infelix ſacra
Dum jura libertatis & Romæ aſſerit.

MARCUS.

Thy ſteady temper, Porcius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and Cæſar,
In the calm lights of mild philoſophy;
I'm tortur'd, even to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor; ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharſalia riſes to my view! . . . . I ſee
Th' inſulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in ſlaughter,
His horſe's hoofs wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh Porcius, is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man,
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin.

PORCIUS.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatneſs,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs,
His ſuff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cauſe
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His ſword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppreſſion, tyranny, and power uſurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MARCUS.

Nemo iſta neſcit. Quid tamen CATO poteſt
Solus, ubi Roma degener & iners ſibi
Servile patitur facilis imponi jugum?
Incluſus Uticæ mœnibus fruſtrâ ſtudet
Fulcire lapſum Romuli imperii decus.
Milite Numidico cinctus exiguam regit
Umbram ſenatûs, fractaque virorum agmina,
Tenues reliquias Cæſaris in aciem trahit.
Dii! tanta virtus dum malis tantis jacet
Oppreſſa, lancinat intimum pectus dolor.
Hæc ſi Catonis pretia virtutem manent,
Quis non Catonis pene dubitaret ſequi
Præcepta, Porci?

PORCIUS.

Sæpè nos docuit pater
Conſilia ſuperûm mille mæandros, ſinus
Habere mille, mille & errorum vias.
Unde inchoetur, vel ubi ſeſe ordo explicet
Indeprehenſus, laſſa mens nequit aſſequi.
Caliginoſâ nocte ſed preſſum latet
Quicquid removit ab acie humanâ Deus.

MARCUS.

Tranquillioris ſenſa mentis iſta ſunt;
Me mille curæ, multiplex me angit dolor.
O chare Porci, tale ſi quidquam modò
Paterêre, non ſic mente compoſitâ anxia
Tempora loquendo falleres. Impar malis
Animus ferendis deficit, labat, cadit.

PORCIUS.

MARCUS.

Who knows not this? but what can CATO do
Againſt a world, a baſe degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæſar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatneſs,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army and an empty ſenate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heav'ns, ſuch virtues, join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

PORCIUS.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

MARCUS.

Theſe are ſuggeſtions of a mind at eaſe:
Oh Portius, didſt thou taſte but half the griefs
That wring my ſoul, thou could'ſt not talk thus coldly:
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls upon me *,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.

* *Theſe two verſes are taken out of the ſecond Scene of the third Act, where Porcius ſpeaks.*

PORCIUS.

Dii ſic virile pectus ærumnis probant.
Macte ergo virtute novâ, age omnes impiger
Intende nervos, & animi vim omnem advoca,
Totúmque patrem. Vincere imbelles metus,
Sortémque forti pectore adverſam pati,
Magni Catonis filium & juvat & decet.

MARCUS.

Conſilia capere indocilis ægreſcit magis
Animus medendo. Ruere in hoſtiles globos
Laurúmque petere morte venalem jube;
Haud unquam ab altâ laude degenerem patris
Marcum videbis. Inultus aſt ubi mala
Circùm ingruentia cerno, ubi fata & deos
Cerno uſque placidos Cæſari, iratos piis,
Mœrore feſſum lucis æthereæ piget.

PORCIUS.

Suſpice Numidiæ principem: en quanto flagrans
Amore gloriæ indolem feram domat
Noſtri parentis æmulus. Fato altior
Inter cadentes ſortis adverſæ minas
Veſtigia patris paſſibus anhelis legit.
Quid? an Catonis filius cedet Jubæ?
Romanus Afro?

PORCIUS.

Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy ſoul:
To quell thy fears and guard thy drooping heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our nature fails,
Would be a conqueſt worthy CATO's ſon.

MARCUS.

Porcius, the counſel which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my weakneſs.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on certain death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow glory, and confeſs his father;
But when I ſee ſucceſs ſtill follows Cæſar
And ſtill backs his crimes; when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes,
Life hangs upon me and becomes a burden *.

PORCIUS.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himſelf to glory,
And breaks the fierceneſs of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
What! ſhall an African, ſhall Juba's heir
Reproach great CATO's ſon, and ſhew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman ſoul?

MARCUS.

---

* Vide *the firſt and fourth Scene of Act* II. *where Cato ſpeaks*; *and the firſt Scene of Act* III. *where Marcus ſpeaks.*

MARCUS.

Parce plura: acres sinu
Stimulos sub alto figis. . . . . Equando Juba . . . .
Ecquando Porcius ipse me pigrum arguit
Honoris?

PORCIUS.

Est generosa mihi nota indoles.
Vel ipsa tenuis umbra te totum excitat,
Dedecoris ipsum nomen in flammas rapit.

MARCUS.

A fratre lachrymas postulat fratris dolor.

PORCIUS.

Contestor astra, Marce, me miseret tui.
Hæc cerne lumina: nonne dum loquor, madent
Perfusa fletu? O si tibi nudum quoque
Cor hoc pateret, cerneres totum tuo
Dolore saucium.

MARCUS.

Ergo quid plagam asperas,
Et non amicâ mitigas potiùs manu?

PORCIUS.

Ter chare frater, fare, si quæ te premunt,
Hâc te levare mole curarum queam.
Equidem vel ipsâ morte fraternos velim
Redimere luctus.

MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Porcius, no more! your words leave ſtings behind 'em.
When-e'er did Juba, or did Porcius, ſhew
A virtue that has caſt me at a diſtance,
And thrown me out in the purſuits of honour!

PORCIUS.

Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of diſhonour on it,
It ſtraight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MARCUS.

A brother's ſuff'rings claim a brother's pity.

PORCIUS.

Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my eyes,
Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak.... Do they not ſwim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would ſee it bleed in his behalf.

MARCUS.

Why then doſt treat me with rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly ſorrow!

PORCIUS.

O Marcus, did I know the way to eaſe
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MARCUS.

MARCUS.

O mihi frater fide
Juncte Pyladeâ, parce turbato malis
Animo, ac dolori facilis indulge meo.
Sempronius venit: animi hunc mollem decet
Celare luctum.

[*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

INTRAT SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

UBI agitur aut vita aut salus,
Consilia nullam capta patiuntur moram.
Verum quid isthic Porcius? oportet, vafer
Arcana cordis fronte simulatâ tegam. [*Seorsim.*

SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.

Salveto Porci! mutuo amplexu frui
Dum liberis licet, in tuum sinum ruo.
Si cras eandem fortè testemur fidem,
Uterque servum in bracchia accipiat sua.
Hodierna forsan ultima hæc venit dies,
Quæ Romuli urbem cernat immunem jugo.

PORCIUS.

Parvum senatum jussit hodierno pater
Mane huc coire, & quid statu hoc rerum juvet,
Consulere secum: an quâ arte pervinci queat
Fortuna,

MARCUS.

Thou beſt of brothers, and thou beſt of friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd ſoul that ſwells
With ſudden guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in calms,
The ſport of paſſions: .... But Sempronius comes:
He muſt not find this ſoftneſs hanging on me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ENTER SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

CONSPIRACIES no ſooner ſhould be form'd
Than executed. What means Porcius here?
I like not that cold youth, I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a language foreign to my heart.

[*Aſide.*

SEMPRONIUS, PORCIUS.

Good morrow Porcius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms:
This ſun perhaps, this morning ſun's the laſt,
That e'er ſhall riſe on Roman liberty.

PORCIUS.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman ſenate,
(The leavings of Pharſalia) to conſult

If

Fortuna, ſitne aliquando cedendum malis,
Queis ſunt reſiſtendo impares Roma atque Dii.

SEMPRONIUS.

Conſilia præſens noſtra cùm CATO regit,
Secura poſito Roma reſpirat metu:
Victórque vel dum bella per mundum vehit,
Tremit ipſe Cæſar. Quin age & tu aude quoque
Virtute, Porci, in ſimile conniti decus.
Magni Catonis fama præcluſit tibi
Latebras inertes. Judices in te omnium
Vertuntur oculi; nobili an dignum patre,
Laudiſne degenerem in tuâ ſitum eſt manû.

PORCIUS.

Bene monuiſti: deſidis quanquam moræ
Nimis ipſa me arguit hora. Militum ociùs
Turmas adibo, dumque conveniunt patres,
Monendo quidquid potero ad arma deſides
Animos ciebo: gloriæ accenſos ſiti
Hortabor acres tendere in bella & neces
Patriæ atque libertatis ultores ſuæ.
Certos, amice, nemo ſucceſſus poteſt
Sibi arrogare; at nos, quod eſt honeſtius,
Merebimur virtute.

Exit.

SEMPRONIUS SOLUS.

Malè pereat puer
Sententioſus! ſpiritum affectans patris
Tumidúmque

If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to Cæſar.

SEMPRONIUS.

Not all the pomp and majeſty of Rome
Can raiſe her ſenate more than CATO's preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæſar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt. O my Porcius!
The world has all its eyes on CATO's ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhews thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conſpicuous.

PORCIUS.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingring here
On this important hour .... I'll ſtraight away,
And while the fathers of the ſenate meet
In cloſe debate to weigh the events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldiers drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deſerve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS SOLUS.

Curſe on the ſtripling! how he apes his ſire?
Ambitiouſly ſententious!..... But I wonder

Old

Tumidúmque faſtum! .... ſed ubi cunctatur Syphax?
Vafer ille Numida ſcelere fœcundum gerit
Aptúmque pectus, ni uſque ad inceptum foret
Stimulo incitandus..... Me malè accepit CATO.
Meritis minorem retulit ingratus vicem.
Superbientis tanta faſtidia viri
Non ſunt ferenda. Me ſibi generum negat.
Dum Márte porrò fractus adverſo jacet,
Ambitio nullam eluſa mercedem feret.
Sin Cæſaris caſtra ſequor, ad primos patet
Aditus honores.

[*Ingreditur Syphax.*

SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

CUNCTA pro votis eunt.
Numidas viritim voce compellans meos,
Quæ cuique mens ſit, quæve, tentavi, fides.
Duce ſub Catone gravia militiæ palam
Munia queruntur, & alium extemplo ſequi
Uno prope omnes ore depoſcunt ducem.

SEMPRONIUS.

Mihi crede, nullam tempus admittit moram.
Amice, vel dum loquimur, armorum ingruens
In nos procellâ propiùs huc victor tonat.
Proh quantus ardor impetu vaſto omnia

Latè

Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well diſpos'd to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quickned to the courſe.
. . . . . CATO has us'd me ill: he has refuſed
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cauſe
Are bars to my ambition. Cæſar's favour,
That ſhow'rs down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To Rome's firſt honours.

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

SEMPRONIUS, all is ready,
I've ſounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of CATO's diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

SEMPRONIUS.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waſte;
Even whilſt we ſpeak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cæſar's active ſoul,

Latè ruentem Cæſarem in bellum rapit?
Natura fruſtra montium objecit moras
Fruſtra æſtuantia pandit oceanus vada.
Per mare, per ignes, pérque ventorum minas
Molitus in prœlia impatiens ruit.
Alpéſque Pyrenæque ſubmittunt juga,
Facilémque ſternunt ſaxa properanti viam.
His fortè muris victor inſultet priùs,
Quam ſol ſub undas craſtinum condat diem:
Sed age, approbatne noſtra conſilia Juba?

SYPHAX.

Heu ſpes inanes! pertinax juveni furor,
Æquum fideſque & neſcio quid animum abſtulit.
Adeò in Catonem cæcus & præceps amor
Penitùs per omnes toxicum infudit fibras,
Rectumque Numidam tetricâ infecit lue.
Brevî affuturum expecto: rigidum denuo
Tentabo pectus.

SEMPRONIUS.

Omnia exploret Syphax;
Noſtri attrahatur conſilî in partem Juba,
Victoriiſque adjecta veteribus Africa
Zonæ rubentis Cæſarem latè dabit
Dominum potentem.

SYPHAX.

Sed hodiè nunquid Cato
Cogit ſenatum? Dî! eſſe te cautum decet.

Oculo

With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war? in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppoſe his paſſage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans ſink before him,
Thro' winds and waves, and ſtorms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will ſet the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young Juba!
That ſtill would recommend thee more to Cæſar,
And challenge better terms.

SYPHAX.

Alas! he's loſt.
He's loſt, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of CATO's virtues . . . . . but I'll try once more
(For ev'ry inſtant I expect him here,)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

SEMPRONIUS.

Be ſure to preſs upon him ev'ry motive,
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up Africk into Cæſar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPHAX.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your ſenate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!

Oculo ſagaci cuncta perluſtrans Cato
Conſilia noſtra perſpiciet, altâ niſi
Tegantur arte.

SEMPRONIUS.

Ne metue Syphax: mihi
Sat iſta curæ. Mente ſimulatâ vafer
Amore patriæ ſenſa velabo mea,
In Cæſarémque mille jactabo probra,
Donec labantes fando permoveam patres.
Se nempe ſeriò agere quis credi velit?
Furore cæcos igneo ſenſus tegat,
Certámque fictis aſſeret verbis fidem:

SYPHAX.

Solertiam herclè mente verſutâ potes
Vincere ſenilem, & fraude fallacem novâ
Afrum erudire.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sed tu inexpertum nihil
Tu nihil inauſum linque, & indictum nihil;
Ego ad maniplos interim pergam meos,
Animóſque vulgi facibus accendam novis,
Donec inopino turbine Catonem obruant.
Qui ſis, Syphax, memento: properato eſt opus,
O quanta, noſti, cura ſollicitum tenet,
Dum pendet anceps facinus. Auctori ſuo
Incepta, non peracta conſilia nocent.

[*Exit.*

SYPHAX.

CATO has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

SEMPRONIUS.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion ('tis the ſureſt way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
Aud mouth at Cæſar, 'till I ſhake the ſenate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldſt thou be thought in earneſt?
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPHAX.

In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African, deceit!

SEMPRONIUS.

Once more be ſure, to try thy ſkill on Juba.
Mean while I'll haſten to my Roman ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on CATO.
Remember, Syphax, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on ev'ry word we ſpeak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX Solus.

Urgenda res eſt. Cæſar & bellum ingruit.
Malè obſtinatum flectere in melius Jubam
Tentabo rurſus, ínque Romanum aſperis
Incendere odiis.

SCENA QUARTA.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

COmmodè occurris, Syphax,
Mihi expetitus. Ecqua rugoſam aſperat
Ægra tibi frontem curâ? Cur ſolito magis
Mœſtùm intueris capite demiſſo ſolum?

SYPHAX.

Fallace riſus ore ſimulatos dare
Cùm triſtis intus inſidet menti dolor,
Nec ingenî, nec artis eſt opus meæ.
Romanus adeò eſſe nequeo.

JUBA.

Ita rerum arbitros
Dominóſque quorſum dente mordaci petis?
Romana nunquid arma, virtutes, viros
Victus ſtupeſcit orbis & adorat decus?
Quæ gens arenas Africæ & ſyrtes colit,
Quæ non vel ipſum nomen Auſonium tremit?

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX SOLUS.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This headſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at CATO.
The time is ſhort, Cæſar comes ruſhing on us . . . . .
But hold! young Juba ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerved of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince;

SYPHAX.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

JUBA.

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms
Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Africk,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPHAX.

Virtute Numidis, quæso, quâ tandem tuis
Gens illa præstat? Promptior an hostem ferit?
Velociúsne sagitta Romanis volat
Excussa nervis? Turbine an metam petit
Graviore jaculum Romulâ intortum manu?
Quæ comparare regio se ausit Africæ,
Seu bello onustos in acie elephantas regat,
Seu docili anhelos indole sonipedes domet,
Equitémque doceat pariter & frænos pati?
Hâc arte, princeps, Roma non Zamam anteit.

JUBA.

Vis ossium illa est atque nervorum: altius
Romanus aciem mentis intendit suæ:
Humanitatis scilicet studio feros
Formare cultus hominum, inhospitos sacris
Frænare populos legibus, & icto rudes
Sociare gentes fœdere: hæc virtus, Syphax,
Romana pulchris artibus vitam excolit,
Placidósque mores barbarum mundum docet.

SYPHAX.

Quæ, quæso, Romana ista, quæ tandem fuit
Jactata virtus? Quippe mendaci docet
Simulare vultu sensa, specioso oblita
Dare verba fuco, sinu aliud condere, aliud
Promptum ore habere, omnem abrogans linguæ fidem,

Quam

SYPHAX.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons!
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm!
Who like our active African inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

JUBA.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civlize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
To lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild, and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th' embelliſhments of life: virtues like theſe,
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPHAX.

Patience, kind heav'ns!...excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,

Quam malè disertam cordis instituit parens
Interpretem natura.

JUBA.

Ut aliquando sapias
Suspice Catonem, quem extulit diis propè parem
Romana virtus. Sobrius, justus, bonus,
Patiens laborum, frigoris, inediæ, sitis,
Constans amicis, sibi severus, omnia
Oblata blandæ dona fortunæ abnuit.

SYPHAX.

Deserta Libyæ nemo nostratûm, Juba,
Venando lustrat, vitam & arcu sustinet,
Qui non severiùs hasce virtutes colit.
Curis solutus libero vastos pede
Saltus pererrat, callidus tantùm feris
Struxisse fraudes. Rivus extinguit sitim,
Fortuita sylvis præda venanti dapes
Faciles ministrat. Nox ubi diurno opprimit
Labore fessum, membra prosternit solo;
Recline durâ rupe sustentat caput,
Levesque somnos æthere sub udo trahit.
Dein cum recenti sole se recens levat,
Studia diurna sequitur, & si venam aquæ
Fors reperit illibatam & intactas dapes,
Superos adorat, seque regifico frui
Luxu arbitratur.

To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

JUBA.

To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to CATO!
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat,
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſerts,
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Barbaro abreptus, Syphax,
Furore neſcis, vir quid interſit viro,
Vel quid humile ſupra vulgus heroem levet.
Sed eſto: molles alter illecebras pari
Virtute ſpernat. Mente quis adeò tamen
Animoſus atque fortis adverſæ ferat
Sortis ruinam? Quippe quò premitur magis,
Hoc fortiore ſtat inter ærumnas gradu,
Malíſque ab ipſis robur aſſumit novum.

SYPHAX.

Id inſolentis arguit faſtum viri:
Ni fallor, Itali Stoicum faſtum vocant.
Romanæ opinio tanta virtutis niſi
Fidum Catoni tuum ita junxiſſet patrem,
Acerba non ſic fata ſervili manu
Inglorius obiiſſet; inhumata Libycis
Non tot virorum millia jacerent agris
Paſtura rabidos vulturum & lupûm greges.

JUBA.

Renovare triſtem quid, Syphax, luctum jubes?
Cùm reputo patrem ægro dolore cor tumet,
Lachrymíſque manare humidæ incipiunt genæ.

SYPHAX.

O ſi paternis ſapere didiciſſes malis!

JUBA.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like CATO?
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw their weight upon him!

SYPHAX.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul;
I think the Romans call it Stoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of CATO's cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Africk ſands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA.

Why didſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPHAX.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA.

Age fare, quonam ſapere me velis modo?

SYPHAX.

Deſere Catonem.

JUBA.

Sic patre bis orbus forem.

SYPHAX.

Hoc nempe rebar vinculo obſtringi Jubam.
Marcia Catonem amata commendat patrem.
Nil miror equidem ſi aure tam ſurdâ accipis
Monita, ſi ita tibi dicta vileſcunt mea.

JUBA.

Syphax, Caveto: liberas linguæ hactenus
Permiſi habenas: diſce dehinc premere tamen
Ne plus loquare, audire quam reges decet.
Sed otioſa terere cauſando pudet
Tempora, Catonis dubia dum pendet ſalus,
Dum marte flagrans Cæſar in aciem vocat. [Ex

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Nigrantis erebi mille dii perdant malis
Jubam & Catonem!.... Caſſus in ventum hactenus
Labor omnis iit. At cardine haud tanto decet
Ceſſare rerum. Sunt mihi modi, ſunt doli,
Sunt technæ & artes mille: tentabo omnia
Quò pervicax frangatur ingenium Jubæ.

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

ACTU

JUBA.

What wou'dſt thou have me do?

SYPHAX.

Abandon CATO.

JUBA.

Syphax, I ſhou'd be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

SYPHAX.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for CATO.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

JUBA.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.
But CATO never at a time like this*
Wou'd lay out his great ſoul in words, and waſte
Such precious moments. No! his life's at ſtake;
And warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threat'ns aloud and calls me to the field. [*Exit*

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Ten thouſand curſes light on thee and CATO!

* *Theſe five verſes are* nearly *taken out of the fifth Scene of the firſt Act.*

The END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORES.

SEMPRONIUS.

HOC in ſenatu Roma nunc etiam viget.
Nos cum Catone retrò ruentis imperî
Fortuna junxit: noſtra ſibi conſtet fides
Sumamus animos grandibus cæptis pares
Româque dignos.

LUCIUS.

Ipſe mox aderit CATO,
Noſtríque præſens conſilî aperiet modum. [*Tuba can*
Audin? adeſſe nunciat tubæ canor.
Dii ſoſpitales, Roma queis curæ fuit,
Cœleſtem amico numine aſſervent virum!

INTRAT CATO.

CATO.

Patriæ labantis fata, libertas, ſalus
Conſilia veſtra petere me cogit, patres.

Lachrymo

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, SENATORS.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are CATO's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

LUCIUS.

CATO will soon be here and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

ENTER CATO.

CATO.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,

Lachrymoſa portans bella propiori impetu
Minatur hoſtis. Tam inſolens viri furor
Quâ reprimetur? Scelera perficere improbus
Pergit, nec uſquam ſcelera ſucceſſu carent:
Pharſalica acies Cæſari Romam dedit,
Quaſſata deinceps corruit Memphis ſolo,
Jugumque totâ Nilus Ægypto ſubit.
Quid Scipionis fata, quid cladem Jubæ
Memorem? Æſtuanti ſanguine etiamnum calent
Lybies arenæ: rapidus hoſtis ingruit,
Et ipſa vel deſerta nobis invidet
Arentis Africæ. Agite nunc ergo, patres,
Quid cuique fieri placeat, in medium date:
Malíſne victos cedere tyranno juvet,
An fortiter pro patriâ, Româ atque Diis
Ad ultimum certare. Sempronii, incipe.

SEMPRONIUS.

Quiſquamne claro genere Romanus poteſt
Pendere dubius, utrúmne præponat necem,
An ſervitutem? Bella, mavortia geri
Bella placet. Adeò protinus eamus, patres,
Feróque latera vindice accincti improbum
Petamus hoſtem. Mille denſatis licet
Cuneis virorum robora tyrannum tegant,
Rumpemus aditus. Quis ſcit an reliquis magis
Proſpera tot inter una tranſadigat virum
Haſta, patriamque liberet & orbem jugo?
Quin ſurgite, patres. . . . . Roma, libertas vocant.
Surgite jacentûm civium ulturi neces,

Similíve

And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success to submission?
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS,

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate

Similíve fato ſimile merituri decus.
Sanguine patricio Theſſali exundant agri,
Nòſque dubitando trahimus hîc lenti diem,
Pulchramne præſtet petere per mortem decus,
An luctuoſum ferre ſervitii probrum.
Torpentium animorum ſitum excutiat pudor.
Pharſalicâ cæſorum acie oberrant ducum
Manes inulti: vulnera oſtentant ſua,
Et nos ad arma voce lugubri vocant
Ad arma, patres. Magnus, en! moræ reos
Pompeius urget; ſibi parentandum inferas
Clamat per umbras Scipio.

CATO.

Mentem cave,
Ne fortè rapiat nimius armorum furor.
Niſi ratione nixa ſtet, virtus migrat
In temeritatem. Publicæ quicquid rei
Fortuna reliqui fecit, eſt noſtræ, patres,
Curæ repoſtum. Hiantia patriæ decet
Curare vulnera, non novis vetera malis
Exaſperare. Prodigi vitæ nimis
Merito arguemur, ſi tot illuſtres viros,
Ut noſtra decorent funera in medias neces
Projicimus. . . At quæ nunc tibi, Luci, ſedet
Sententia, audire libet.

LUCIUS.

Eſt fuſum ſatis
Supérque ſanguinis. Impio bello nimis

Quaſſatus

Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouze up for ſhame! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud . . . . To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow,
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt us!

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction:
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious!
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:

Quaſſatus orbis vix ſuas clades capit.
Nulla regio uſquam eſt, ſive quà Titan levat,
Seu quà remoto mergit oceano diem,
Quam non replerit ſanguine Auſonium nefas.
Romana late bella deplorat viris
Viduata Scythia, & mundus oppoſito procul
Sub axe, noſtro marte populatus jacet.
Cruenta tempus tela vaginis tegi,
Generíque tandem parcere humano jubet.
Non noſtra Cæſar auſa contundit, patres,
Sed vis deorum. Numine adverſo irrita
Quid gerimus ultrà bella? Cedamus Jovi
Ubi cauſa belli ceſſat, & ceſſet furor.
Patriæ atque libertatis amor arma ad pia
Nos excitavit. Quicquid in manu fuit,
Fecimus abundè. Gloriæ eſt factum ſatis.
Fortè nimis iræ, patriæ certè parum.
Si Roma denique cadit, atteſtor fidem
Hominum Deúmque, ſcelere non noſtro cadit.

SEMPRONIUS.

Se perduellis ſæpe quæſito tegit
Colore: vereor aliquis ut lateat dolus.
CATO, Lucio ne crede. [*Seorſim* CATONI.

CATO.

Degeneres timor
Animos coarguit, agit in præceps furor.
Medium occupemus tramitem. Quidni benè
Sperare, patres, rebus etiamnum licet?

Dum

'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of providence,
And not to rest in heav'n's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this End fails,
Arms have no further use: Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not to delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEMPRONIUS.

This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor..... Something whispers me
All is right..... CATO, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to* CATO.

CATO.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs

Dum noſtra fortes latera tot cingunt viri,
Sueti labores martis & ſolem pati,
Quorſum proboſo colla ſubdemus jugo?
Numidia gentes aperit immenſas Jubæ
Facere paratas juſſa. Dum ſpes eſt ſuperi,
Stat fidere Jovi. Ne ante præfixum diem
Cadat alta Roma, liberis donec licet
Deûm fruamur munere; ubi ſummum venit
Fatum, licebit vincla victoris pati.
Hâc luce mallet, imo & hâc horâ CATO
Oppetere liber, quàm jugo oppreſſus dies
Ducere perennes.

INTRAT MARCUS.

MARCUS.

Quâ arva proſpectat, mihi
Commiſſa porta, à Cæſare advenit citus
Modò fecialis: venit & Decius eques
Romanus. Aliquid ferre ſe magni indicat,
Tuóſque, genitor, illicò affatus petit.

CATO.

Succedere jube. Decius hic olim mihi
Fuerat amicus. Alia tranſverſum dehinc
Studia abſtulêre, & Cæſari ſocium impiis
Junxêre in armis.

[*Exit* Marcus.

SCENA

Are grown thus desp'rate, we have bulwarks round us:
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods:
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in CATO's judgment
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ENTER *MARCUS*.

MARCUS.

Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with CATO.

CATO.

By permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE

SCENA SECUNDA.

DECIUS, CATO.

DECIUS.

PLURIMAM, Cato, tibi
Cæsar salutem.

CATO.

Si mittere occisis modò
Posset & amicis, grata mihi salus foret.
Edenda si quæ porro mandata afferas
Coram, en senatus!

DECIUS.

Res mihi tecum, Cato.
Ad quas redigere angustias Cæsar videt.
Et nota quoniam merita permagni æstimat,
Tuæ salutis anxias curas fovet.

CATO.

Romæ salute nixa mea pendet salus.
Mihi parcere velit?..... Patriæ parcat suæ.
I, castra repete, & principi hæc refer tuo:
Accipere vitam renuit indignans Cato,
Quam Cæsar offert.

DECIUS.

Cæsari subdit caput
Roma & senatus. Consulum imperium fuit.

Quotquot

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO.

DECIUS.

CÆSAR ſends health to CATO.....

CATO.

Cou'd he ſend it,
To CATO's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

DECIUS.

My buſineſs is with CATO; Cæſar ſees
The ſtraits, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
CATO's high worth, is anxious for your life.

CATO.

My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Wou'd he ſave CATO? Bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, CATO
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

DECIUS.

Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her gen'rals and her conſuls are no more,

Who

Quotquot triumphis Cæsaris & armis duces
Contrà obstitêre pulvere immixti jacent.
Age ergo, victoris sequere tu quoque fidem.

CATO.

Illa ipsa, quæ mihi facta commemoras, vetant.

DECIUS.

Per nomen ego te sacrum amicitiæ rogo;
Qualis procella vertici immineat, vide.
A Cæsare secundum orbis aspiciet suum
Pronus Catonem; laude tergeminâ ad deos
Roma ipsa tollet, pace si factâ modo
Agnoscere æqui jura victoris lubet.

CATO.

Ne plura: vitam hoc munere pacisci nefas.

DECIUS.

Effare quâ tua tandem amicitia queat
Mercede redimi; renuet & Cæsar nihil,
Quo tale palmis pristinis addat decus.

CATO.

Exercitum dimittat; exolvat jugo
Romam, Quiritum libero arbitrio & patrum
Dijudicanda facta permittat sua.
Hâc poterit unâ lege sibi Cæsar fidem
Catonis emere.

DECIUS.

Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not CATO be this Cæſar's friend?

CATO.

Thoſe very reaſons you have urged, forbid it.

DECIUS.

CATO, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you, as from friend to friend;
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on CATO,
As on the Second of mankind.

CATO.

No more:
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

DECIUS.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of CATO's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

CATO.

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and CATO is his friend.

DECIUS.

DECIUS.

Fama non levis tuæ
Sapientiæ, CATO.

CATO.

Imò vox quanquam mea
Versata nunquam in publicis causis fuit,
Neque suevit excusare commissum scelus,
Orator ipse rostra conscendam tamen,
Veniámque supplex Cæsari à populo petam.

DECIUS.

CATO, hic iniquum sermo victorem decet.

CATO.

Justi tenacem hic sermo Romanum decet.

DECIUS.

Romanus ille qualis aut quantus fuit,
Cæsari inimicus?

CATO.

Major ipso Cæsare:
Est ille amicus nempe virtuti & Deo.

DECIUS.

Quis sis, CATO, vel unde compulsus, vide.
Non nunc frequentium inter applausus patrum
Celsa capitolia voce fulminea quatis.
Incluſus Uticâ sine spe & auxilio jaces.

DECIUS.

CATO, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom. . . .

CATO.

Nay more, tho' CATO's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the Roſtrum in his favour
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

DECIUS.

A ſtile, like this, becomes a conqueror.

CATO.

Decius, a ſtile, like this, becomes a Roman.

DECIUS.

What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

CATO.

Greater than Cæſar: he's a friend to virtue.

DECIUS.

Conſider, CATO, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

CATO.

Hoc ille potius cogitet, qui hostem domo
Angustiarum compulit. Tenuem, ut vides,
Romæ senatum Cæsaris fecit scelus.
Mihi crede, falsum est lumen & inanis rei,
Splendentis umbra, quâ ille vir adeo tibi
Fulgere videtur. Spissa si ab oculis foret
Remota nubes, sanguine, rapinis, dolo
Totum inquinatum cerneres. Miserum, scio,
Me spernis, ærumnosum & afflictum malis.
Sed per Tonantem juro, priùs omnis mihi
Oblatus orbis cum omnibus regnis ruat,
Quàm Cæsar esse sorte mutatâ velim.

DECIUS.

Hæccine referri Cæsari CATO jubet
Responsa? Studiis hanecine rependit vicem?

CATO.

Sunt Cæsaris vana studia; indignor viri
Curam insolentem. Est scilicet penes deos
Salus Catonis. Si tamen Cæsar cupit
Clemens videri, opibus malè paratis meos
Juvet hos amicos: si suæ mentis cupit
Excelsitatem ostendere, hos servet viros
Se justiores.

DECIUS.

Ista vis animi, CATO,
Nimis insolens te tollit oblitum tui.

Prude

CATO.

Let him consider That, who drives us hither?
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch.
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes?
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

DECIUS.

Does CATO send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and profer'd friendship?

CATO.

His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of CATO.
Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

DECIUS.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.

Prudens ſciénſque certum in exitium ruis.
Legatione ſed ego ſum functus meâ.
Notus ubi fuerit exitus, totam dolor
Invadet urbem. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENA TERTIA.

CATO, LUCIUS, SEMPRONIUS, SENATORES.

SEMPRONIUS.

FERRE quas grates parem?
Te, CATO, loquente, eſt viſa libertas loqui
Geniúſque Romæ. Scelera meditantem nova
Vox iſta reprimet Cæſarem, aut ſternet metu.

LUCIUS.

Unó ſenatus omnis aſſenſu refert
Grates Catoni, publicæ dum ſic vigil
Cavet ſaluti, providus parum ſuæ.

SEMPRONIUS.

Amor tuendæ Lucium vitæ tenet.
Sed vita quid juvat, ubi libertas perit?
Me potiùs adigat fulmine ſub umbras pater,
Pallentis umbras tartari & noctis chaos,
Quàm videam iniquo ſubditos cives jugo.
Stet, me cadente, ſalva libertas modò,
Mortes per omnes placidus hanc animam dabo.

But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, SENATORS.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty.
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

LUCIUS.

The ſenate owns its gratitude to CATO,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEMPRONIUS.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life. . . . . .
. . . . . When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh.
O cou'd my dying hand but lodge a ſword
In Cæſar's boſom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I cou'd enjoy the pangs of death,
And ſmile in agony.

LUCIUS.

Fors non minori pectus hoc ſtudio flagrat
Defendere patriam, æſtuat quanquam minùs
Furore turbidum.

SEMPRONIUS.

Iſta moderatio virum,
Cui vivere eſt dulce, juvet: At vivere quid eſt?
Non huc & huc curſare, non auras novas
Subinde trahere, aut ſolis aſpicere jubar;
Eſt eſſe liberum.

CATO.

Ira ne diſcors agat
Privata in odia, Roma quos ſibi mutuo
Amore junxit: pace concordi vigent
Res parvæ, eâdem maximæ abruptâ ruunt.

SEMPRONIUS.

En me paratum quicquid aut facere aut pati,
Ubi CATO juſſerit.

CATO.

Hora conſiliis moram
Præcidere monet.

LUCIUS.

Ipſe quod cenſet CATO.
Id cenſet & ſenatus. Uſque dum bonis
Pax legibus conveniat, audendum reor.

SEM-

LUCIUS.

Others, perhaps,
May ſerve their country with as warm a zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into ſo much rage.

SEMPRONIUS.

This ſober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots. But what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free.

CATO.

Come! no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker ſide
By our diviſions.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, my reſentments
Are ſacrificed to Rome.....I ſtand reprov'd.

CATO.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a reſolve.

LUCIUS.

CATO, we all go into your opinion.
Cæſar's behaviour has convinc'd the ſenate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

SEMPRONIUS,

Eſt dimicandum quamdiu vita eſt ſuper.

CATO.

Surgamus ergo, dúmque libertas, ſalus,
Et fata nutant dubia, juſtitiâ, fide,
Officio & omni genere virtutum brevis
Certemus ævi, tandem ut invidiâ deûm
Si ſit cadendum, morte generoſâ inclytos
Nos longiorem grata poſteritas canat
Meruiſſe vitam.

[*Exeunt ſenatores.*

SCENA QUARTA.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

PATRIBUS eſt ratum, Juba,
Forti repellere Cæſarem & bellum manu.

JUBA.

Sententia patres iſta Romanos decet.
Dignare tu quoque pauca memorantem Jubam
Audire. Paucos genitor ante obitum dies,
(Haud rebar equidem mortem ita propinquam viro

Tunc

SEMPRONIUS.

We ought to hold it out till death; but CATO,
My private voice is drown'd amid the ſenate's.

CATO.

Then let us riſe, my friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little interval, this pauſe of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With reſolution, friendſhip, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may ſay it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel..... The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know your counſels.

[*Exeunt ſenators.*

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO.

JUBA, the Roman ſenate has reſolv'd
'Till time give better proſpects, ſtill to keep
The ſword unſheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæſar.

JUBA.

The reſolution fits a Roman ſenate.
But CATO, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young man ſpeak.
My father, when ſome days before his death

Tunc imminere) quando me jussit Uticam
Tendere, trementes sustulit in ulnas senex
Blandè osculatus, multa collachrymans. Dolor
Ut primus abiit, quicquid eveniat mihi,
Nate, inquit, esto Catoni amicus. Auspice
Surges Catone ad omne virtutum decus.
Illo duce, fugies mala aut discès pati.

CATO.

Tuus ille summâ laude cumulatus pater
Meliora fuerat fata commeritus, Juba.
Diis aliter est visum.

JUBA.

Ubi patris imago subit,
Lachrymis madescunt me vel invito genæ.
Omnis animo virtus abit, superat dolor.

CATO.

Honestus est ille dolor, & dignus Jubâ.

JUBA.

Gentes remotas fama complevit patris.
Hunc pace bellóque Africæ reges sibi
Socium ambiebant. Maurus & vultum niger
Getulus Æthiópsque, quíque ultrà jacent
Nili recessus, quíque, ut est fama, incolunt
Alio calentes sole trans Gangem plagas,

Donis

He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas, I thought not then his death ſo near!)
Wept o'er me, preſt me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my ſon, ſaid he,
Whatever fortune ſhall befal thy father,
Be CATO's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but obſerve him well,
Thou'lt ſhun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

CATO.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate:
But heav'n thought otherwiſe.

JUBA.

My father's fate
In ſpite of all the fortitude, that ſhines
Before my face, in CATO's great example,
Subdues my ſoul, and fills my eyes with tears.

CATO.

It is an honeſt ſorrow, and becomes thee.

JUBA.

My father drew reſpect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric ſought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden ſources of the Nile,
In diſtant worlds, on t'other ſide the ſun:

Oft

Donis onusti petere amicitiam & opem
Venére Zamam.

CATO.

Gloria mihi haud est tui
Ignota patris.

JUBA.

Patris amicitias tibi
Dum commemoro, non patrium jactō decus;
Jungenda fœdera tibi nova monstro, nova
Subsidia belli. Nunquid hanc præstat Uticam
Deserere, & omni Numidiâ armatâ, simul
In societatem fœderis amicos patris
Excire reges? Cognitum si orbi foret,
Virtute & armis quantus incedas, CATO,
Totam videres Africam è gremio nigros
Populos vomentem ad signa confluere tua,
Sociásque bello latè inhorrentes novo
Ferveścere acies.

CATO.

Cæsari an timidum putas
Cedere Catonem velle? Me, ut vagus Hannibal,
Libycas per urbes supplicem & regum hospitem
Auxilia petere?

JUBA.

Forsan officio tibi
Peccare nimio videor, anxius tuæ
Dum studeo vitæ, & suggero auxilium malis.

CATO.

Oft have their black ambaſſadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

CATO.

I am no ſtranger to thy father's greatneſs!

JUBA.

I would not boaſt the greatneſs of my father,
But point out new alliances to CATO.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cauſe, and court
Th' aſſiſtance of my father's pow'rful friends?
Did they know CATO, our remoteſt kings
Wou'd pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy hoſts wou'd darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO.

And can'ſt thou think
CATO will fly before the ſword of Cæſar!
Reduc'd like Hannibal to ſeek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA.

CATO, perhaps,
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preſerve a life of ſo much value.
My Heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch virtue
Afflicted by the weight of ſuch misfortunes.

CATO.

CATO.

Eſt tua mihi accepta pietas. Noris tamen,
Juba; quæ imperitum vulgus appellat mala,
Adverſa fortuna, dolor, ærumnæ, mala
Cenſenda non ſunt, ſorte cùm æquali accidunt
Bonis malíſque. His altior cœlum petit
Generoſus animus. Aſperis fatis pios
Exercet aliquando deus, ut clara emicet
Magis inde virtus: quæ niſi rerum arduo
Splendeſcat uſu, tecta velut umbrâ diem
Lucémque fugit.

JUBA.

Ita dum loquere, totus, CATO,
Virtutem anhelus ſpiro.

CATO.

Vigilias amas,
Æſtum, laborem, frigus, & famem & ſitim?
Hæc ab Catone diſce . . . . fortunam ab aliis.

JUBA.

Felicitas, fortuna, & omnis ſpes Jubæ
Te pendet uno.

CATO.

Verba quid volunt?

JUBA.

CATO.

Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe wou'd they never fall
On heav'n's firſt fav'rites, and the beſt of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which ſhun the day, and lie concealed
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and in the calms of life.

JUBA.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for virtue!
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.

CATO.

Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from CATO:
Succeſs and fortune may thou learn from Cæſar.

JUBA.

The beſt good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole ſucceſs, at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on CATO.

CATO.

What does Juba ſay?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Nihil?
Revocare liceat.

CATO.

Quod tuâ interfit, nihil
Cela Catonem.

JUBA.

Quæ modum excedunt, decet
Celare vota.

CATO.

Petere quid poteſt Juba,
Quod CATO recuſet?

JUBA.

Eloqui vetat timor.

CATO.

Eloquere.

JUBA.

Dotes Marcia paternas habet.

CATO.

Quò verba ſpectant?

JUBA.

Eſt tibi, CATO, filia.

CATO.

Princeps valeto: quicquid imminuat tuam
Mihi, Juba, famam, audire nolim. Dum premunt.

Inimica

JUBA.

I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

CATO.

Tell me thy wiſh, young prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

JUBA.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

CATO.

What can Juba aſk
That CATO will refuſe!

JUBA.

I fear to name it.
Marcia . . . . . inherits all her father's virtues.

CATO.

What wou'dſt thou ſay?

JUBA.

CATO, thou haſt a daughter.

CATO.

Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Shou'd leſſen thee in my eſteem: remember

The

Inimica fata, nos decet nihil, nisi
Vitam & triumphos, vincula aut mortem loqui.

[Exit.

SCENA QUINTA.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

QUIS ille Juba, quis ora suffundit pudor?
Quæ causa luctûs?

JUBA.

Heu, Syphax, perii miser!

SYPHAX.

Hoc antè noram.

JUBA.

Me CATO vili æstimat.

SYPHAX.

Haud plurìs orbis faciet.

JUBA.

Aperui meos
Catoni amores.

SYPHAX.

Aptus est CATO, cui
Credas amores.

JUBA

The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; Liberty or death. [*Exit.*

. . . . . .

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

HOW's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

JUBA.

Syphax, I'm undone!

SYPHAX.

I know it well.

JUBA.

CATO thinks meanly of me.

SYPHAX.

And so will all mankind.

JUBA.

I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

SYPHAX.

CATO's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.

JUBA.

Solis ætherei jubar
Tædet tueri. Corde transfixo juvat
Occumbere umbris . . . . . .
O Juba! quis est te miserior? Tibi Cato
Infensus est, tibi Marcia æternùm perit.

SYPHAX.

Si quid monenti credis, etiamnum potest
Tua esse Marcia.

JUBA.

Quid loquere, Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Potest
Tua esse Marcia.

JUBA.

Arte quâ possit, doce.

SYPHAX.

Numidas feroces ducit ad bellum Juba,
Quos fræna ferre nescii alipedes vehunt
Prævertere Euros concitâ assueti fugâ.
Tu modò jubeto, virginémque hinc ocius
Raptam avehemus.

JUBA.

Ore num potuit nefas
Excidere, probra quod nomini nostro allinat
Æterna.

SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Oh I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! was ever wretch like Juba!
CATO's diſpleas'd, and Marcia loſt for ever.

SYPHAX.

Young prince, I yet cou'd give you good advice,
Marcia might ſtill be your's.

JUBA.

What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By heav'ns thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

SYPHAX.

Marcia might ſtill be your's.

JUBA.

As how, dear Syphax?

SYPHAX.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unuſed to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

JUBA.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! wou'dſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that wou'd deſtroy my honour?

SYPHAX.

Probra nomini! Dii! fama quid, quid nomen eſt?
Inane fulgur, nempe, ſpecioſum nihil,
Aut fax cerebri fatua, quæ incautos trahit
Sæpè in malorum abrupta dum errores vagæ
Sectantur umbræ.

JUBA.

Quid? tuo an ſuades Jubæ
Agere latronem?

SYPHAX.

Quippe Romani patres,
Quos tu merere laudibus cœlum putas,
Tales fuêre. Ille orbis edomiti pavor,
Superba Roma, Roma quæ imperium mari
Terminat & aſtris, virginum quondam fuit
Fundata raptu. Scipio, Cæſar, CATO,
Pompeius, & quos Roma mortales deos
Dixit, Sabinis matribus referunt genus,
Spuria propago.

JUBA.

Vereor, ut, Syphax, tibi
Cerebrum Numidicis ſit nimis fœtum dolis.

SYPHAX.

Mihi crede, mores tibi hominum noti parum.

SYPHAX.

Gods, I cou'd tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

JUBA.

Wou'dſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian!

SYPHAX.

The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians;
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæſars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.

JUBA.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

SYPHAX.

Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind, your youth admires
The throws and ſwellings of a Roman ſoul,
CATO's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

JUBA.

Notitia at iſta perfidos ſi homines facit
O uſque vitam ducat ignarus Juba.

SYPHAX.

Mihi apage ſenſa iſta, puer: . . . . ætate indiges.

JUBA.

Dii! ſiccine arrogantiam hanc lentus feram?
Falſe veterator, ... proditor patriæ es tuæ.

SYPHAX.

Me longiùs animi ardor incautum tulit. [Seorſim.

JUBA.

Perfide latro, hæc tua CATO conſilia ſciet.

SYPHAX.

Viden' hos capillos? Galeâ ut incincti albidum
Traxêre honorem, ductor & miles tui
Dum bella pugnabam patris!

JUBA.

Mihi iſte honor
Nuſquam inſolentiam teget.

SYPHAX.

JUBA.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

SYPHAX.

Go, go, you're young.

JUBA.

Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

SYPHAX.

I have gone too far. [*Aſide.*

JUBA.

CATO ſhall know the baſeneſs of thy ſoul.

SYPHAX.

Young prince, behold theſe locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

JUBA.

Thoſe locks ſhall ne'er protect thy inſolence.

SYPHAX.

Num ergo mihi
Vox una, vitium garrulæ ætatis leve,
Priſtina laborum merita geſtorum auferet?

[*Exit* Juba.

Styx mille peſtes in caput pueri evomat!
Sed has oportet illico procellæ minas
Placare, vel nos turbine effuſo obruent.

[*Exit* Syphax.

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI.

ACTUS

SYPHAX.

Muſt one raſh word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of ſervice!

[*Exit* Juba.

.... Curſe on the boy! how ſteadily he hears me.
I muſt appeaſe this ſtorm, or periſh in it.

[*Exit* Syphax.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

HEU qualis es quantúmque mutatus, Juba!
Heu quantùm ab illo degener pridem Jubâ,
Qui ſtrata ſolitus linquere ante ortum diem,
Vel quando Sirius arva torrebat vapor,
Venando ſaltus atque ſylvarum horrida
Dumeta obivit, ſive quâ rabida tygris,
Seu fulvus inter nemora dormivit leo.
Ardore quanto lumina micabas, ubi
Dejecta opacis præda decurrit jugis?
Clamore anhelo quantus urgebas fugam?
Te ſæpè vidi cominus laceſſere
Leonis iras, unguium horribiles minas
Ultrò aſperare, ſpiculo obtento truces
Excire morſus, móxque pronum ab equo arduos.
Pendere in ictus, & reluctantem feram
Affigere ſolo.

JUBA

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

ALAS! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!*
I've known young Juba riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket, where the tyger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts.
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rous'd him to the chace. I've ſeen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground,

JUBA.

* *Theſe verſes as far as* loſe its ſweetneſs, *are taken from Scene* V. *Act* II.

JUBA.

Méne puerilis animi
Adeo esse rere, ut hisce condonem tua
Opprobria nugis?

SYPHAX.

Quanta longævi sinum
Regis replebant gaudia, ubi te auro graves
Attollere ungues vidit, & spolia humeros
Induere villis horrida!

JUBA.

Etiamsi fluant
Tibi verba melle, mihi modò invisa accident.

SYPHAX.

Non me loquentem sic tuus sprevit pater.
Heu vixit. . . . At chara illius an unquam potest
Excidere imago, ubi collo inhærescens tuo,
Mille inter oscula, mille & amplexus, sui
Vix compos, inquit ultimum abituro vale?
Mihi quanto oboritur gaudio immixtus dolor,
Cum dulcè tristem pectore revolvo diem!
Simul ille dextram dexteræ inseruit meæ,
Altúmque ab imo corde suspirans, vide,
Inquit saluti filii invigiles: simul
Lachrymæ rigabant ora, nec fari dolor
Est plura passus.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Pr'ythee no more!

SYPHAX.

How wou'd the old king ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders.

JUBA.

Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
From ev'ry word) wou'd loſe all its ſweetneſs.

SYPHAX.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus †
Alas! he's dead. But can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel!
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee, be careful of my ſon! . . . . . His grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he cou'd not utter more.

JUBA.

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† *Theſe verſes, from the words,* Sir, your great father, &c. *as far as,* rather ſay your love, *are taken from Scene* IV. *Act* I.

JUBA.

Patris ô blandum nimis
Sacrúmque nomen! Fare, quî possim, Syphàx,
Præstanda genitori optimo officia exequi.

SYPHAX.

Jussa faciendo.

JUBA.

Me tuis jussit pater
Parere monitis.

SYPHAX.

Sola mihi, princeps, tuæ
Cura est salutis.

JUBA.

Cognitum est studium satis.
Quid me mones?

SYPHAX.

Quæ Cæsari inimicos premunt,
Ut fata fugias.

JUBA.

Fugere noluit pater.

SYPHAX.

Adeóque periit.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Alas! the ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty, which I owe him.

SYPHAX.

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

JUBA.

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in the ſevereſt terms;
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

SYPHAX.

Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

JUBA.

I do believe, thou wou'dſt; but tell me how?

SYPHAX.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.

JUBA.

My father ſcorn'd to do it.

SYPHAX.

And therefore dy'd.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Mille pugnando neces
Subire præſtat, damna quàm famæ pati.

SYPHAX.

Magè dic, amoris.

JUBA.

Fræna verboſæ, Syphax
Injice licentiæ, an ideo illudere Jubæ
Te poſſe credis, quod patris ſolium vacat,
Quod adhuc Numidici nutat imperii decus,
Et me vibrandis imparem ſceptris putas?

SYPHAX.

Cur ſic acutis transfodis dictis ſinum?
Quid? nonne tecum gradior ad bellum comes?
Fortis ſubire & martis & lethi vices.
Cur lanceâ dextram onero, cur galeâ caput,
Niſi ut reliquias ſanguinis, queis hoſtica
Manus pepercit, patriæ impendam & tibi?

JUBA.

Audire plura non libet: Syphax, tace.

SYPHAX.

Quid? Egon' tacebo? Taceat ut Syphax, fides,
Cùm data Jubæ in dubium vocatur? Me Juba
Interimat, & tacebo: verùm dum traho
Auras ſuperſtes, luce dum æthereâ fruor,

Nequeo

JUBA.

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

SYPHAX.

Rather ſay your love.

JUBA.

Is it, becauſe the throne of my forefathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall incloſe,
That thou preſumeſt to treat thy prince with ſcorn?

SYPHAX.

Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions? ‡
Does not old Syphax follow you to war,
What are his aims! Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a Caſque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aſpires to?
Is it not this? to ſhed the ſlow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood in your defence?

JUBA.

Syphax, no more! I wou'd not hear you talk.

SYPHAX.

Not hear me talk! What, when my faith to Juba,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb,

‡ *Theſe verſes from theſe words,* Is it becauſe, &c. *as far as* Cæſar I'm wholly thine, *are taken from Scene* V. *Act* II.

Nequeo tacere & principi inviſam meo
Ducere ſenectam.

JUBA.

Mollia affandi nimis
Aditúſque noſti. Te mihi fidum reor.

SYPHAX.

Conſtare meliùs nempe quî poterat fides?
Hanc ut probarem, facinus audendi tibi,
Quod abhorret animus, me fore ſpopondi ducem,
Propriam ut haberes Marciam, expedii modum.

JUBA.

Tun' hoc volebas? . . . . . Ah nimis præceps fui.

SYPHAX.

Ideóque falſum proditorem patriæ
Me nuncupabas.

JUBA.

Num ore quid tale excidit?
Ancipite peccas fortè deceptus ſono.

SYPHAX.

Conſilia porro velle te aiebas mea
Pandere Catoni. Quæſo, quid tandem Juba
Pandet Catoni? Me tibi addictum nimis?
Me tibi paratum ſanguinem & famam quoque
Impendere?

JUBA.

But whilſt I live, I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

JUBA.

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

SYPHAX.

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

JUBA.

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

SYPHAX.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

JUBA.

Sure thou miſtak'ſt, I did not call thee ſo.

SYPHAX.

You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor,
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to CATO.
Of what, my prince, wou'd you complain to CATO?
That Syphax loves you, and wou'd ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your ſervice.

JUBA.

Tuo te Jubæ addictum ſcio:
Sed amore peccaſti nimio. Honeſti, Syphax,
Hinc diſce leges regibus habendas ſacras.
Artibus honeſtum perpolit mentem ſuis;
Virtutis æmulatur abſentis decus,
Præſenti honores afflat imitando novos.

SYPHAX.

Per aſtra, penè me mihi rapis, Juba
Sic quando loqueris. Id mihi à primâ fuit
Ætate ſuaſum, ſubdito unum hoc eſſe opus,
Unum hunc laborem; nempe ſe fidum ſuo
Regi approbare. Beatus is demum fuit,
Qui ſic honeſtum ſimul & officii fidem
Sociare novit.

JUBA.

Syphacis, hic noſco indolem,
Senſa iſta Syphacem pariter & Jubam decent.
Infamis orbi eſt Punica, ut noſti, fides.
Ne eadem Numidico nomini inſideat nota,
Noſtrum eſt cavere.

SYPHAX.

Ut loqueris, ut places, Juba!
Hâc macte, princeps, indole: I, patrio caput
Diademate revinci. Africæ, I, felix, tuæ
Virtutibus Catonis imperium rege.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Syphax, I know thou loveſt me; but indeed,
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids, and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not.
It ought not to be ſported with.

SYPHAX.

By heav'ns,
I'm raviſh'd, when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I have hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn,
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people, who preſerve their honour
By the ſame duties, that oblige their prince!

JUBA.

Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thyſelf,
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punick faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPHAX.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk .... but 'tis with tears of joy:
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows
Numidia will be bleſs'd with CATO's lectures.

JUBA.

Amice, dextram junge: dictorum damus
Veniam viciſſim, mutuam accipimus fidem.
Quando Numidiæ ſceptra ſumpſero, Syphax
Mihi erit ſecundus, proximum regi caput.

SYPHAX.

Nimis ampla amoris pignora accumulas tui.
Vicem referre debitam haud noſtræ eſt opis.

JUBA.

Syphax, valeto: concito hinc greſſu feror
Rectâ ad Catonem, ſi qua ſe fortè offerat
Occaſio, viro facta purgandi mea.
Nil curo reliqua, ſit modò placidus CATO.

[*Exit.*

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Colligit ut iram leviter, ita leviter premit
Juvenilis ætas: tardus in utroque eſt ſenex.
Ego veterator . . . . proditor . . . . latro? . . . . Tibi
Fòrs iſta charo verba conſtiterint, puer.
Amoris antehac nonnihil habebas mei.
Sed hinc faceſſat, ... trado rapiendum notis;
Et mente & animo Cæſarem totus ſequor.

SCENE

JUBA.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age.
Thy prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon.
If e'er the ſceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

SYPHAX.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burdenſome, I ſhan't ſupport it.

JUBA.

Syphax, farewel. I'll hence and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion, that may ſet me right
In CATO's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*

SYPHAX SOLUS.

Young men ſoon give and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both .... A falſe old traitor!
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee dear.
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee;
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds: ....
Cæſar, I'm wholly thine. .....

SCENA SECUNDA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

FIXUM ſenatui ergo, Semproni, ſedet,
Bello experiri malle fortunam priùs,
Quàm deditâ imperium urbe victoris pati?

SEMPRONIUS.

Quàm penè fati limina attigimus, Syphax!
Auctor ineundæ Lucius pacis fuit,
Pacem Catoni à Cæſare Decius obtulit.
Dii! ſi ſenatus fœdus accipiat priùs,
Quàm ſortiantur noſtra conſilia exitum,
Actum eſt, perivimus.....

SYPHAX.

At quid interea CATO?

SEMPRONIUS.

Vidiſti Atlanta: vertice ſuperbo in poli
Minatus aſtra inter procelloſos notos
Cœlique fulmina arduum attollit caput,
Dum fractus infrâ marmore effuſo pedem
Tundit furentûm vaſtus undarum globus.
Sic ille durus, rigidus, & intractabilis
Inter ruinas ſortîs adverſæ altior
Inſurgit, elatóque tumidus Cæſarem
Deſpectat oculo.

SYPHAX.

SCENE II. *

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

WELL, Cato's ſenate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius, declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a meſſenger from Cæſar.
Should they ſubmit, e'er our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in the gen'ral undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

SYPHAX.

But how ſtands Cato?

SEMPRONIUS.

Thou haſt ſeen mount Atlas:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on it's brows,
And Oceans break their billows at its feet;
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man, his tow'ring ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on Cæſar.

* *This Scene is taken from Scene* VI. *Act* II.

SYPHAX.

Et ille quid porrò Decius ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Illi clam aperui consilî nostri modum,
Aperiet ille Cæsari. . . . . Sed quid mihi
Tu jam vicissim de Jubâ refers.

SYPHAX.

Manet
Fixus Catoni. Cuncta versavi, institi,
Suasi, increpavi, voce adulanti preces
Immiscui irâ, rursus oravi, nihil
Non denique egi, flexus ut tandem puer
Meliora saperet. Perstat immotus tamen
Animis eisdem : opes, salutem & omnia
Uni Catoni devovet.

SEMPRONIUS.

Parvi interest.
Sic quando libuit, ante victoris rotas
Ductus catenis, nobile triumpho decus,
Alta Capitolia regius scandat puer

SYPHAX.

An inter agmina glisçit interea repens
Seditio ?

SEMPRONIUS.

Cæptis exequendis omnia
Parata : voces, murmura, querelæ undique

SYPHAX.

But what's this meſſenger?

SEMPRONIUS.

I've practis'd with him,
And found the means to let the victor know,
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn.
Is Juba fixt?

SYPHAX.

Yes . . . . but it is to CATO.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and careſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,
Laid ſafety, life and int'reſt in his ſight;
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for CATO.

SEMPRONIUS.

Come, 'tis no matter, we ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the victor's chariot.

SYPHAX.

But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the ſedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEMPRONIUS.

All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends that ſpread

Murmurs

Palam audiuntur. Factioſorum duces
Fremitibus iras militum accendunt ſuis,
Noſtriſque ſpondent ſtrenuam inceptis opem.
Parere rigido Stoici imperio ducis
Ultrâ recuſant.

[*Clamor tollitur.*

SYPHAX.

Ille quid ſonus refert
Fremens tumultu? Audin' ut eliſis propè
Clareſcit auris!

SEMPRONIUS.

Curiam hanc ipſam parant
Irrumpere.

SYPHAX.

Catonem arcta conſtringant, vide,
Vincla, & propinqui prodita accipiat jugum
Victoris Utica. Ego interim in foro inſtruam
Turmas equeſtres, promptus, ut fuerit opus,
Succurrere. Hominem quantus invadet ſtupor,
Cùm ſic ab omni parte glomeratam ſciet
In ſe ruinam.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA

Murmurs and diſcontents among the ſoldiers.
They count their toilſome marches long fatigues,
Unuſual faſtings, and will bear no more
This medley of philoſophy and war.

[*A ſhout is heard.*

SYPHAX.

What means that ſhout big with the ſounds of war? *
What new alarm?

SEMPRONIUS.

A ſecond louder yet
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Within an hour they'll ſtorm the ſenate-houſe.

SYPHAX.

Make CATO ſure, and give up Utica,
Mean time I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the ſquare to exerciſe their arms,
And as I ſee occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken CATO
Will look aghaſt while unforeſeen deſtruction
Pours upon him thus from every ſide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

* *Theſe three verſes, as far as the words,* more full upon us, *are taken from Scene* III. *Act* III.

SCENA TERTIA.

SEMPRONIUS, CONJURATI.

SEMPRONIUS.

TURBO jam tandem gravis
Oritur, amici; veſter huc tendat labor,
Nec ponat animis detumentibus, priùs
Quàm totus effuſo impetu in caput irruat
Catonis. Ego vultum interea amicum induens
Tanquam fidelis lateri adhærebo comes,
Ut quicquid accidat, integra meorum ſalus
Commilitonum maneat. [*Exit.*

CONJ. Primus.

In tuto ſumus.
Sempronio auſpice & duce timendum nihil.
Sempronius par eſt Catoni. Audin? ſubit.
Fortiter eundum eſt. Denſi in inviſum caput
Geminentur ictus, vincula afflictum ſolo
Ligent, dies hic ponet ærumnis modum:

Omnes.

Sempronio auſpice & duce, timendum nihil.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, WITH THE LEADERS OF THE MUTINY.

SEMPRONIUS.

AT length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has ſpent itſelf on CATO's head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

[*Exit.*

Firſt LEADER.

We all are ſafe, Sempronius is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as CATO.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt,
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt!

All the Leaders.

Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE

SCENA QUARTA.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO.

UBI proditores, acre mavortis genus,
Ignobili adeò terga qui vertunt fugæ,
Et tam virili pectore lacessunt ducem?

SEMPRONIUS.

Styx malè paventes voret . . . . ut attoniti stupent!

[*Scorsim*

CATO.

Sic parta bello decora? sic Romam probro
Tanto allinetis, perfidum, ignavum genus?
Num vos honoris ulla (nam quis sit pudor
Verum fateri?) num ulla vos laudis sitis,
Amórve libertatis hâc mecum tenus
In arma traxit? Nonne vos auri fames,
Provinciarum spolia, captarum urbium
Convecta præda martis in opus impulit?
Quin ite, studiis hisce flammatos decet
Linquere Catonem & signa Cæsarea sequi.
Cur belluosæ monstra vitavi Africæ?
Cur tot periclis, cur tot ereptus malis
Ad hoc reservor? An ut scelere vestro cadam,

Com

SCENE IV.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORCIUS *and* MARCUS.

CATO.

WHERE are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

SEMPRONIUS.

Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

CATO.

Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With CATO's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspick's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? Why cou'd not CATO fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

Commilitones? Licuit at cur non priùs
Scelere alieno cadere? Sin fixum est, viri;
Haurite ferro pectora . . . . . in vulnus patent.
Et, si quis à me se lacessitum putet,
Prior ille feriat.

SEMPRONIUS.

Per Jovem, exanimes tremunt!
Periere cuncta, vile fucorum genus!
[*Seorsim.*

CATO.

Num tot laborum, quos per immensos maris
Terræque tractus vestra me fessum salus
Impulit adire, pectora oblivio tenet?
En Lybia rapidi solis exusta ignibus
Nimiùm propinquis testis ante oculos patet;
Testes arenæ vasto & inculto solo
Latè jacentes, montium abruptæ minæ,
Putríque passim omnis venenorum lue
Infecta regio testis est recens meis
Calcata plantis. Quis, ubi per loca invia
Cæcósque calles iter erat tentandum, ubi
Gressum inter omnem dubia nutabat salus,
Quis lubricam, inquam, primus invasit viam?
Aut cùm labore æstúque confecti aridam
Extingueretis amne fortuito sitim,
Crebrísque decrescentis alvei haustibus
Raperetis undas, ecquis è tanto virûm
Numero sitivit ultimus?

SEM-

And let the man that's injur'd ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than CATO?
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

SEMPRONIUS.

By heav'ns they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! All is loſt!
[*Aſide.*

CATO.

Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

SEMPRONIUS.

Si aſpera juga
Inter et arenas fonte ſors tenui latex,
Siticuloſæ dulce ſolamen viæ,
Scaturiebat, miles optatos ubi
Certatim in hauſtus caderet, atque avidus cavis
Palmíſque galeíſque ima ſiccaret vada,
Patiens ut hic ille Cato dux veſter ſtetit,
Plenâque lympham caſſide bibendam arido
Rejecit ore? Nonne vobiſcum comes
Subter flagrantes ſolis æſtivi faces,
Flatibus eiſdem torridi incaluit noti?
Cur æſtuoſum pulverem & campum tulit,
Niſi ut labore veſtra libertas ſuo
Firmata ſtaret? . . . . Cedite ingratum pecus.

CATO.

Ignava bello turba, mavortis probrum,
Ite & querelas Cæſari hinc ferte ociùs
Laborioſo nempe vos bello impares
Non poſſe jam ferre mala, quæ CATO tulit.

LUCIUS.

En ut per ora conſcius inerrat pudor!
En lachrymæ, quas ſceleris excuſſit dolor,
Veniam repoſcunt.

CATO.

Colere juſtitiam dehinc
Diſcite, facinoris prodite rebelles duces,
Ultróque facilem cæteris veniam damus.

SEM-

SEMPRONIUS.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to CATO?
Did he not daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day ſun,
And clouds of duſt? Did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?

CATO.

Hence, worthleſs men! hence! and complain to Cæſar.
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips your leader bore.

LUCIUS.

See, CATO, ſee th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

CATO.

Learn to be honeſt men, give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Plectenda curæ trade mancipia meæ.
Luxata primum membra rumpantur rotâ,
Suſpenſi ad auſtros deinde putreſcant trabe,
Sociis daturi triſte documentum ſuis.

LUCIUS.

Cur tam ſeverus fata miſerorum gravas?

SEMPRONIUS.

Quid? perduelles crimine abſolvi? . . . . Vicem
Sicariorum quippe vir bonus dolet,
Queis tingere manus ſanguine Catonis lubet.

CATO.

Sævire nimiùm nec placet, nec nos decet.
Pœna irrogetur: dum tamen pœnam irrogas,
Humanitatis eſto, Semproni, memor,
Ne fata graviora ſubeant quàm lex ſinit.
Scelerata, Luci, tempora hæc ſummam exigunt
Severitatem. Hic ille juſtitiæ rigor
Reprimit ſuperbos, impios terret metu,
Frangit rebelles, legibus vim addit novam.
Vindicta quando debita nocentes premit,
Supplicia ſuperi luminibus æquis vident,
Promptáque reductâ fulmina reponunt manu.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the ſun.

LUCIUS.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEMPRONIUS.

How! wou'dſt thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That wou'd imbrue their hands in CATO's blood.

CATO.

Forbear, Sempronius! . . . . . See they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degen'rate age requires
Severity, and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' up-lifted thunder-bolt aſide.

SEMPRONIUS.

Imperia lætus exequar.

CATO.

Nos interim
Thure precibúſque in vota poſcemus deos.
Queis legibus, quibuſve fundatum artibus
Studiiſque quondam hoc fuerit imperii decus,
Eſtote memores. Inclytum hunc rerum ordinem,
Olim labore conditum tanto, precor,
O nunquam, amici, ignaviâ veſtrâ ruat.
Verùm quod accepiſtis annoſo patrum
Tranſmiſſum ab ævo poſteris veſtris quoque
Tradite fruendum. Audite, Cœlicolæ, hanc precem:
Adeòque tu nos, magna libertas, tui
Accende amore. Munere beatos tuo
Exigere liceat liberis vitæ dies,
Vel te tuendo fortiter in acie mori.

[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*

SCENA QUINTA.

SEMPRONIUS, CONJURATI.

CONJ. Primus.

SEMPRONI, es idem ſemper & ſimilis tui.
Te ſeriò equidem penè credebam loqui.

SEMPRONIUS.

Scelus, hinc faceſſe: . . . . vile, deſpectum caput,
Servile pecus, imbelle fucorum genus!

CONJ.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

CATO.

Mean-while we'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*

SCENE V.

SEMPRONIUS, WITH THE LEADERS OF THE MUTINY.

Firſt LEADER.

SEMPRONIUS, you have acted like yourſelf.
One wou'd have thought you had been half in earneſt.

SEMPRONIUS.

Villain, ſtand off; baſe, grov'ling, worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

Second

CONJ. Secundus.

Simulare plura desine: haud ultrà his jocis
Est opus; amicos, quotquot hîc adstant, vides.

SEMPRONIUS.

Quin sic, scelesti, accipite; ubi istius modi
Mancipia motæ conscias addunt manus
Rebellioni, si ausa successus habent,
Sine præmio, sine honore neglecti jacent.
Sin cœpta cedant irrita, nocentes manent
Supplicia certa, miserrimum lethi genus.
Adesto, miles: ad necem hæc monstra ociùs
Abripito.

[*Intrant* Satellites.

CONJ. Primus.

Quando res eò deducitur . . . .

SEMPRONIUS.

Mandata, lictor, protinus facessito.
Sed forcipe priùs prendito linguas reis
Atque resecato, ne agmina inter conscia
Novos tumultus voce moribundâ excitent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA SEXTA.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

PRIMA ergo, amice, cœpta cecidêre irrita?

SEM-

Second LEADER.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the maſque, there are none here but friends.

SEMPRONIUS.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag 'em forth
To ſudden death.

[*Enter Guards.*

Firſt LEADER.

Nay, ſince it comes to this.....

SEMPRONIUS.

Diſpatch 'em quick, but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

[*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.*

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

OUR firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play;

My

SEMPRONIUS.

Subitâ Catonis voce & aſpectu, ſui
Oblita turba mente perculſâ ſtetit
Attonita, inermis.

SYPHAX.

Morte non unâ expient
Dedecus inertiæ! . . . . At novas artes adhuc,
Nova meditor conſilia. Frænatis mihi
In equis relucet, quidlibet prompta aggredi
Numidica pubes. Reſonat hinnitu procul
Pulſatus æther; ungula impatiens moræ
Impreſſa perdit mille veſtigia ſolo,
Corripere dum campum ardet. Age porro fugæ
Tu ductor eſto, quáque ſtationes obit
Marcus, ruemus urbe. Pugnando viam
Facilem per obvia quæque ſternemus manu.
In Cæſaris caſtra feret hodiernus dies.

SEMPRONIUS.

Suadéſne trepidam moliar inultus fugam?
Fallere Syphax, Sempronium ſi ſic putas
Abſiſtere auſis velle. Vis ingens rapit,
Odium perenne, immenſus irarum dolor.
Cùm perpetrari facinus alienâ nequit,
Manu hâc ſuperbum ſtringere catenis virum
Ad Cæſarémque trahere vindicta impotens
Et mens repulſæ ſordidæ impatiens jubet.

SYPHAX.

My troops are mounted; their Numidian ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcour the deſert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that wou'd oppoſe our paſſage;
A day will bring us into Cæſar's camp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my purpoſe:
I'm unreveng'd and CATO left behind.
Think not Sempronius can be baffled thus
In his ambition or purſuit of greatneſs.
Syphax, 'tis fixt. I long to bind in chains
That haughty man, and bear him off to Cæſar.

SYPHAX.

SYPHAX.

Virtute tantâ macte: Semproni, inclytum
Meditaris herclè facinus & dignum tui.
Age ociùs cœpto omnis abſiſtat mora.

SEMPRONIUS.

Ecquâ arte rumpemus aditum? Præter Jubam
Geminóſque fratres nemini ingreſſus patet.

SYPHAX.

Oſtro rubenti, quâ ſolet Juba indui,
Chlamyde indueris; regiâ incedes caput
Cidari revinctus: Numidicus cinget latus
Satelles. Illico mancipia pandent fores,
Ubi adeſſe regius videbitur puer.

SEMPRONIUS.

Benè eſt, beamur. Fata jam vindex manu
Teneo Catonis. Quanta mihi paſcent ſinum
Gaudia tumentem, ubi turbidus & irâ & probro
Se cernet ille vinculis captum meis
Excutere fruſtrâ velle victoris jugum.

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

ACTUS

SYPHAX.

Well ſaid! That's ſpoken like thyſelf Sempronius.

SEMPRONIUS.

But how to gain admiſſion? For acceſs
Is given to none but Juba and the brothers.

SYPHAX.

Thou ſhalt have Juba's dreſs, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves that watch them.

SEMPRONIUS.

Heav'ns, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own?
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold him ſtruggling in his chains,
With ſhame and anger alternate oppreſt,
His heart high ſwol'n, and lab'ring in his breaſt.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

SEMPRONIUS, *veste Numidica indutus, duo alii.*

SEMPRONIUS.

SATELLITES adeste. Dispositis fera
Laqueis tenetur. Sede quâ lateat, vigil
Oculis notavi. Signa cùm dedero, simul
Irruite, rapite, avehite prædam. Nec minæ
Nec torvitas supercilî injiciant metus.
Ingente cœpto digna vos merces manet.
Quid hoc? Propinquos audio pulsus pedum.
Dii! fallite omen. . . . . Corda spe dubiâ micant.
Ipse est: Juba ipse gradum admovet. Rerum hoc statu
Consulere non est integrum. Hâc dextrâ cadet:
Rumpenda ferro deinde per medios via.
Audete fortes. Quid? pigro an tremitis metu?
Animos resumite, vel per astrorum faces. . . . .

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

THE deer is lodg'd, I have track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let neither fear, or threats have force to move you.
. . . . But hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left . . . . .
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Thro' those his guards. . . Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heav'n. . . . . .

SCENA SECUNDA.

JUBA, SEMPRONIUS.

JUBA.

QUIS ille tam audax, tam insolens satellite
Cinctus Numidico insignia usurpat mea?

SEMPRONIUS.

Vane Afer, animúmque patrio elatum gerens
Fastu, haud ita effugies.

JUBA.

Quid hoc? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

Hinc fuge, saluti si esse consultum velis.

JUBA.

Quid? me-ne fugere? Aflerere famam, cùm tibi
Ita libet insanire, stat potiùs manu.

[*Educuntur utrinque gladii, pugnatur, cadit* Semp.

SEMPRONIUS.

Horror Acherontius ultra confundat stygę.
Sic-ne puerili destinor victus manu
Effundere animam? . . . . Barbaro tectus quoque
Humeros amictu? Struere quis furor impulit
Vincula Catoni? . . . . Rumpite infernum chaos
Stygiæ sorores, & pice & sulphure vada

Turbatus

SCENE II.

JUBA SEMPRONIUS.

JUBA.

WHAT do I see? Who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

SEMPRONIUS.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

JUBA.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

SEMPRONIUS.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

JUBA.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud barbarous man.

[Semp. *falls. His guards ſurrender.*

SEMPRONIUS.

Curſe on my ſtars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, diſfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs? . . . . . .
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!

Turbatus ima, hoc hauriat avernus caput.
Sic pudet ad umbras ire. . . . . Convulso ruat
Ab axe fulmen, quod tremefaciat ſolum,
Pontum & Catonem. [*moritur.*

JUBA.

Ut animus indignans Stygis
Fugit ſub umbras, membráque etiamnum ſolo
Liquit trementia! miles, hos age ſiſtito
Servos Catoni, ſceleris ut, quicquid latet,
Dehinc pateſcat, conſilî & cauſa & modus.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA TERTIA.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

QUIS pepulit aures enſium flictu ſonus?
Neſcio quis artus turbat inſolitus pavor,
Gravibúſque curis anxium pulſat ſinum.
Quis ille pronus corpore exangui jacet?
Ah! Numidam amictus indicat. Gelidus coit
Sanguis per artus. Principi timeo. Latent
Ora involuta veſte. Proh ſuperi! quid hoc?
En regia chlamys, regium en frontis decus.
O ſcelus! ô horror! nullus eſt dubio locus.
Eſt ipſe Juba. Juba principum ſplendor, decus
Juvenum, voluptas noſtra, deliciæ & amor,
Juba indecoro vulnere ante oculos jacet.

Crudelis

O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and heav'n, and CATO tremble!
[*dies.*

JUBA.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to CATO,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

SURE 'twas the claſh of ſwords; my troubled heart
Is ſo caſt down, and ſunk amidſt its ſorrows.
It throbs with fear, and akes at every ſound.
See, ſee! here's blood! O ſee! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heav'ns preſerve the prince;
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But hah! death to my ſight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the lovelieſt youth that e'er deſerv'd
A Roman's care, Juba lies dead before me!
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood†.

† *This verſe is taken from Act* III. *Scene* II.

Crudelia nimis fata, crudeles deos!
Jacet cruore membra concreto rigens,
Cujus ubi vultus enituit, ibat dies
Gratior, & orbis luce ſplendebat novâ.
Heu vana ſpes mortalium! ut Stygius color
Infecit artus! capitis ambroſii decor
Cecidit, nigranti vividum oculorum jubar
Nox texit umbrâ: frigore æterno algida
Silet illa lingua, cujus eloquium CATO
Sæpe ipſe ſtupuit, ... Sed quid ego fruſtra pio
Dolore fluxas repeto virtutes Jubæ?
Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus fuit,
Juba Pyladeâ me fide amplexus perit.

JUBA. [*derepentè in theatrum erumpens.*

Deſine queri: coram ecce quem deſles adeſt.
Et incolumis & vivus en adeſt. Juba
Accipere amicum lætus amplexum & dare.

[*Inter ſe complectuntur.*

PORCIUS.

Superi! quid hoc eſt? Vivis? An fallax ſubit
Imago? Si vivit Juba, quis ibi jacet?

JUBA.

Scelerum magiſter, regio aſſumpto Jubam
Mentitus habitu, dum impia oppreſſo parat
Vincula Catoni, audaciæ pœnas luit.

PORCIUS.

Benè eſt, revixi. O dulce dimidium mei,
Ut voce, ut ore, ut me tuo aſpectu beas!

JUBA.

O he was all made up of charms and virtue!
Whatever maid cou'd wiſh, or man admire:
Delight of ev'ry eye! when he appear'd,
A ſecret pleaſure gladned all that ſaw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt Roman bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.
Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

JUBA.

[*ruſhing haſtily in.*

See, Porcius, ſee,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
Thy dear embrace, and to return it too.

PORCIUS.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

JUBA.

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like Juba on a curs'd deſign.

PORCIUS.

My joy! my beſt friend! all is bliſs round me.
This, this is life, indeed! life worth preſerving.

JUBA.

Dilecte Porci, ut tua mihi placet fides!
Vix credidissem sacrum adeò tecum mihi
Interfuisse vinclum amicitiæ, nisi
Luctûs fuissem testis oculatus tui.

PORCIUS.

Neque ipse nôram, quàm penitus animo, Juba,
Meo insideres, antequam afflixit tuæ
Me mortis error.

JUBA.

Error is felix fuit.
Fortuna ludum ludere levem pertinax
Jam vetera versâ damna compensat vice.

PORCIUS.

Nos hinc ad arma buccinæ clangor vocat. [*Tuba canit.*
Nimis est morarum: fortè jam Marco imminet
Inimicus ensis. Roma, libertas, salus
Nos vocat ad arma. O sacra libertas, manu
Hâc te tueri liceat; adverso æthere
Sin ista voveo, fortiter in armis mori. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA QUARTA.

LUCIUS, CATO.

LUCIUS.

ATTONITUS hæreo. Quid?...Hoc Sempronius?
Hoc acer ille patriæ assertor suæ?
Huc omnis ille in Cæsarem effluxit furor?

CATO.

JUBA.

How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!
I'm loſt in extaſy! O my dear Porcius!

PORCIUS.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf, how much I lov'd thee.

JUBA.

O fortunate miſtake! O happy Juba!
Fortune thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs; I abſolve my ſtars.

PORCIUS.

Quick! let us hence; who knows if Marcus's life
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
Stand ſure? O Juba! I'm warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory*.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

LUCIUS, CATO.

LUCIUS.

I Stand aſtoniſh'd! What, the bold Sempronius!
That ſtill broke foremoſt thro' the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to madneſs. . . . . .

CATO.

* *Almoſt all this Scene, changing the names and ſome few things, is in Scene* III. *Act* IV. *The three laſt verſes are ſpoken by* Porcius *in Scene* III. *Act* III. *with this alteration,* Marcus's *life, inſtead of* Cato's *life.*

CATO.

Haud miror equidem; ſceleris eſt adeo nihil,
Quod civium armis noſtra non ætas tulit.
O Luci, acerbis animus ægreſcit malis.
Mihi vita gravis eſt, ... lucis æthereæ piget.

Intrat Nuncius.

Quid, Balbe, trepidas? Summa quo res eſt loco?

Balbus.

Ne nuncio aures, vereor, afflictas, CATO,
Graviore vulnerem.

CATO.

Eloquere: num plus adhuc
Cæſar Latini ſanguinis fudit?

Balbus.

Aliud,
Majúſque, ſi quod eſt, malum ingruit. Syphax
Veteranus ille prædo, ubi Numidas ſuos
Medio ordinârat ludicra exercens foro
Simulachra belli, protinus ſigno dato,
Cum equitibus abiit transfuga, quà ad auſtros patet
Commiſſa Marco porta. Juba fortè obvius
Vidit abeuntem, & nomine inclamans virum
Revocare fruſtra voluit. Ille altè vibrat
Jactatum in auras brachium, atque atrox refert
Sempronianо nolle ſe fato mori.

CATO

CATO.

Truſt me, Lucius,
Our civil diſcords have produced ſuch crimes,
Such monſtrous crimes, I am ſurpris'd at nothing.
.... Oh Lucius, I am ſick of this bad world!
The day-light and the ſun grow painful to me.

Enter a Meſſenger. *

But ſee where Balbus comes! what means this haſte?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Meſſenger.

My heart is griev'd,
I bring ſuch news as will afflict thee CATO.

CATO.

Has Cæſar ſhed more Roman blood?

Meſſenger.

Not ſo;
The traitor Syphax, as within the ſquare
He exerciſed his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horſe
To the ſouth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
Juba ſaw, and call'd, but in vain, to ſtop him;
He toſs'd his arm aloft and proudly anſwer'd,
He wou'd not ſtay and periſh like Sempronius.

CATO.

* Porcius *being a principal perſon in the* Drama, *the Tranſlator thought it more becoming the dignity of the ſtage to introduce* Balbus *as a meſſenger, than let* Porcius *bring and carry meſſages.*

CATO.

Perfida propago! ſed age tu, Balbe, advola,
Patriæque in armis gloriæ natos mone. [*Exit nuncius.*
Luci, malorum immenſa me moles premit.
Vi victa cedit juſtitia, regnat nefas.
Orbis ſubactus Cæſari ſervit. Nihil
Opus eſt Catone.

LUCIUS.

Quamdiu & fraus & ſcelus,
Et amor habendi regnat, erit opus ſuo
Orbi Catone. Potiùs, ô potiùs diu
Vive, neque pigeat Cæſaris dono frui.

CATO.

Quid? mé-ne vivere patriæ oblitum meæ?
Vivere tyranni vile mancipium jubes?

LUCIUS.

Victor Catonem triſte nil coget pati.
Eſt comis, eſt humana Cæſaris indoles.

CATO.

Humana proh viri indoles! Iſtud nimis
Populare ſtudium patriæ exitio fuit.

CATO.

Perfidious men! but Balbus haſte, and ſee
That my ſon Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit meſſenger.*
.... Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæſar's: CATO has no buſineſs in it.

LUCIUS.

While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her CATO's preſence.
In pity to mankind, ſubmit to Cæſar,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

CATO.

Would Lucius have me live to ſwell the number
Of Cæſar's ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUCIUS.

The victor never will impoſe on CATO
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are Cæſar's.

CATO.

Curſe on his virtues? they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon. . . . . .

SCENE

SCENA QUINTA.

CATO, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

INauſpicatâ filii ô fruſtra pater
Virtute felix, majus ex alio aliud
Malum ingraveſcit, alius exurgit dolor.
Heu Marcus. . . . . .

CATO.

Ecquid egit? an ceſſit loco?
An fraudulento impunè permiſit duci
Abire?

PORCIUS.

Cinctus fidâ amicorum manu
Totum ingruentis impetum belli tulit,
Par unus omnibus. Animo obnixus diu
Stetit obſtinato, donec excuſſo obrutus
Imbre jaculorum nobili letho occidit.

CATO.

Nil plura quæro.

PORCIUS.

Tum mihi animo ardent faces,
Tum furor & ira perfidum ulciſci ſcelus

Pœnáſqu

SCENE V.

CATO, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

MISFORTUNE on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus.....

CATO.

Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?

PORCIUS.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
'Till obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes he greatly fell.

CATO.

I'm ſatisfy'd.

PORCIUS.

Nor did he fall before †
His ſword had pierc'd thro' the falſe heart of Syphax.
Yonder

† *The Tranſlator, with a view to ſet off* Porcius's *character with greater luſtre, gives him the honour of revenging his brother* Marcus's *death by killing* Syphax. *This notice will ſuffice for the reader, who might otherwiſe be ſurpriſed at the diſagreement between the* Verſion *and the* Original, *which it was thought needleſs to change.*

Pœnáſque fratre ſumere perempto ſubit.
Per media præceps agmina Syphacem peto,
Uno in Syphace laboro, fulmineum rotans
Hinc inde ferrum, donec adverſo in ſinu
Numidæ furentis condidi. Labentem equo
Frendere mediâ in morte conſpexi virum,
Et dente pronum mandere cruento ſolum.

CATO.

Grates tonanti atque reliquis ſuperis ago.
Meus eſt utérque functus officio puer.
Sibi morte nomen peperit æternum ſuâ
Marcus. Ubi ſummam parca fatalem mihi,
Porci, replerit, illius juxta meam,
Vide, locetur urna.

PORCIUS.

Ab alterâ altera
Diviſa longùm maneat.

SCENA SEXTA.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS

LUCIUS.

EN vultum probro
Triſtem à ſuorum ſcelere ſuffuſus ſubit
Juba.

PORCIUS.

Meruit profectò fortunâ frui
Meliore.

JUBA

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
. . . . Porcius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.

PORCIUS.

Long may they keep asunder!

SCENE VI.

CATO, JUBA, LUCIUS, PORCIUS.

LUCIUS.

BUT see young Juba! the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

PORCIUS.

The prince's virtue deserv'd better fortune.

JUBA.

Mihi pudor ora te viſo, CATO
Rubore tingit.

CATO.

Ecquod admiſſum nefas?

JUBA.

Sum Numida.

CATO.

Et illuſtris quoque. Eſt animus tibi
Romanus.

JUBA.

Eſt Syphacis tibi notum ſcelus?

CATO.

Mala fraus ubique & ſcelera naſcuntur, Juba.
Hæc omnis ætas, omnis hæc regio tulit.
Quin ipſa Roma Cæſares habet ſuos.

JUBA.

Eſt indolis generoſæ ita afflicto dare
Solamen.

CATO.

Ubi meretur, eſt æquum dare
Virtuti honorem. Dura te exercet nimis
Fortuna, Juba: tua clarior virtus tamen.
Nitet, & ab ipſis major elucet malis:
Fornace tortum ſic ab ardenti evenit
Auri metallum decore ſplendeſcens novo.

JUBA.

JUBA.

I bluſh and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, CATO.

CATO.

What is thy crime?

JUBA.

I'm a Numidian.

CATO.

And a brave one too.
Thou haſt a Roman ſoul.

JUBA.

Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

CATO.

Alas! young prince,
Falſhood and fraud ſhoot up in ev'ry ſoil.

JUBA.

'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the diſtreſs'd.

CATO.

'Tis juſt to give applauſe, where 'tis deſerv'd.
Thy virtue, prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

JUBA.

His quid reponam? Tacitus exundat ſinus
Fervétque gaudio. Tuas malim, CATO,
Laudes mereri, quàm Africæ latè potens
Rex imperare. . . . . Jam omne præmuni novâ
Virtute pectus. Mortui en coram tui
Nati cadaver, triſte ſpectaclum ſubit.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCI CADAVER, *&c.*

CATO.

SALVETO, nate. . . . . Hîc onus, amici, ponite.
Numerare coram vulnera illuſtria juvat
Corpúſque cernere ſanguine decoro illitum.
Quàm pulchra mors virtute parta, quàm placet!
Ille invidendâ eſt ſorte defunctus puer.
Heu quàm pigendum eſt, quod ſemel tantùm licet
Impendere animam civium & patriæ bono!
Quis ora, amici, mœſta contriſtat dolor?
Meritò puderet, ſi inter & buſta & faces
Patriæ, Catonis ſtaret incolumis domus.
Porci, ecce fratrem. Illius ab exemplo tuam
Memento vitam, Roma cùm poſcit, tibi
Non eſſe propriam.

JUBA.

JUBA.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy. I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O CATO, than Numidia's empire. *
Now, CATO, arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corpſe of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators alarm'd
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

SCENE VII.

CATO, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, MARCUS's CORPSE, *&c.*

CATO.

WELCOME, my ſon! here lay him down my friends,
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
.... How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who wou'd not be that youth; what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
.... Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhou'd have bluſh'd, if CATO's houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.
.... Porcius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

* *The verſes from* But ſee young Juba, *&c. as far as* Numidia's empire, *are taken from Scene* IV. *Act* IV.

JUBA.

Quem virum unquam orbis tulit
Similem Catoni, heroa quem vidit parem? [*Seorsim.*

CATO.

Heu! quianam, amici, lachrymis oculi madent?
Privata lachrymis damna deflentur malè,
Quas Roma poscit. Roma terrarum decus,
Roma dominatrix orbis, imperii caput,
Superûm voluptas, inclyta heroum parens,
Quæ humili tyrannos mundi adæquavit solo,
Gentésque victrix barbaro exemit jugo,
Heu! Roma fuit. Heu chara libertas fuit,
Heu prisca virtus, patria heu frustra meis
Defleta lachrymis!

JUBA.

Magna proh virtus viri!
Eh Roma lachrymas elicit, quas non sui
Elicere potuit filii exanimîs dolor. [*Seorsim.*

CATO.

Romana quicquid subdidit virtus, polo
Sub utroque quicquid, quicquid oceanum supra
Infráque lustrat lucidâ occiduus rotâ
Orienſve Titan, Cæsaris prensat manus.
Sua Cæsari olim capita vovere Decii,
Cecidere Fabii, & utérque vicit Scipio.
Imò arma Cæsari ipse Pompeius tulit.
O dolor, amici! Ut plurium annorum labor,
Fatorum opus, Romanum ut imperium occidit!
Dominante Cæsare, ô sacra ambitio! occidit.
Quod subjugaret, nempe majores nihil
Nîsi patriam liquêre.

JUBA.

JUBA.

Was ever man like this? [*Aside.*

CATO.

Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

JUBA.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon.
[*Aside.*

CATO.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are Cæſar's.
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into Cæſar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA.

Dum vivit CATO,
Mundum erubescet Cæsar opprimere jugo.

CATO.

Quid? ut erubescat Cæsar? An non Thessalas
Conspexit acies,

LUCIUS.

Hora jam monet CATO,
Ut tibi & amicis consulas.

CATO.

Ne vos mei
Cura ulla tangat. Sum omne discrimen supra
Vicésque sortis. Cæsar haud unquam inquiet,
Vici Catonem. Vestra me movet salus.
Vos, vos, amici, reddere incolumes velim!
Hæc sola pectus cura sollicitum premit,
Qui vos, amici, reddere incolumes queam.
Cœpi hinc timere Cæsarem.

LUCIUS.

Facilis dabit
Veniam petenti.

CATO.

Petite quin ergo precor,
Et Cæsar, in se quicquid est factum, sciat
Me auctore factum. Adjicite, si porrò placet,
Me supplicis ritu petere, ne quid meos
Peccet in amicos. . . . . Juba, mihi pro te anxius
Laborat animus. Te-ne victoris sequi
Hortabor arma supplicem, an avitum magis
Repetere regnum Numidiæ?

JUBA.

JUBA.

While CATO lives, Cæſar will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlaved, and be aſham'd of empire.

CATO.

Cæſar aſham'd! Has he not ſeen Pharſalia!

LUCIUS.

CATO, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

CATO.

Loſe not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I conquer'd CATO.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul; How ſhall I ſave my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæſar, I begin to fear thee.

LUCIUS.

Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

CATO.

Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, CATO did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
That I myſelf, with tears, requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Shou'd I adviſe thee to regain Numidia,
Or ſeek the conqueror? . . . . . .

JUBA.

JUBA.

Si unquam, CATO,
Te deſeruero, deſerant ſuperi Jubam.

CATO.

Tua iſta, princeps, rara virtutum indoles
Tibi decus ingens, nomen & famam afferet.
Ni fallor, illucéſcet aliquando dies,
Quum juſta nullum Roma cenſebit nefas
Olim Catonis eſſe ſectatum fidem.
Accede, Porci: ſæpe vidiſti tuum
Cum factione & ſcelere luctantem patrem:
Nunc ſpe labanti ſeſſum & exanimem vides.
O nate, ne te pudeat accipere patris
Conſilia. Dum potes eripe periclis caput,
Et agrum Sabinum, rura majorum, pete:
Ubi magnus olim Cenſor, atque omnes avi
Exigua manibus arva ſubigebant ſuis,
Virtute mundâ & inope felices lare.
Ibi dulcia inter rura ſecretus tuâ
Virtute te involve, patriæ optatam bonus
Pacem precare. Ubi impii imperium obtinent,
Totóque graſſatum orbe dominatur ſcelus,
Privata melius inter obſcuros lares
Sedes honori eſt.

PORCIUS.

Num ergo crediderit pater
Me velle vitâ, quam ipſe faſtidit, frui?

CATO.

JUBA.

If I forſake thee,
Whilſt I have life, may heav'n abandon Juba!

CATO.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been CATO's friend,
Porcius, draw near! My ſon! thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engaged in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: Now thou ſee'ſt me
Spent, overpow'r'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome.
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

PORCIUS.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Porcius, that he ſcorns himſelf.

CATO.

Valete, amici. Si quibus tutum minùs
Videtur expectare victoris fidem,
Scitote in ipso stare jam portu rates
A me paratas. Passa vela austros vocant,
In quas velitis cunque deduci plagas.
Quid restat ultrà, quo CATO vobis queat
Prodesse, amici? Victor huc properè advolat.
Iterum valete. Vestra si posthac mihi
Videre detur ora, meliori in solo
Feliciore sub axe dabitur, ubi metus
Nullos creabit Cæsar: ubi fortis puer,
Qui lætus animam patriæ impendit suæ,
Lauro perenni tempora revinctus sciet
Se splendidè vicisse: ubi heroum genus,
Pro civibus amicísque non timidum mori,
Virtute digna præmia accipiet suâ.

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

ACTUS

CATO.

Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know there are ſhips prepar'd by my command,
(Their ſails already op'ning to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes, and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where Cæſar never ſhall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead ſon.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' ſtill, by faction, vice, and fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not loſt.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

CATO Solus.

Sedet meditanti ſimilis, præ manibus habet librum Platonis *de Immortalitate Animæ. In menſâ conſpicitur enſis vaginâ vacuus.*

SIC eſſe conſtat . . . . Tu quidem rectè, Plato.
Hæc nempe quorſum blanda ſpes menti inſidet,
Hæc avida deſideria & exardens amor
Æternitatis? Hic unde ſecretus timor
Horrórque mortis? Quid animus ſubito pavet,
Refugítque trepidus, dum olim in antiquum nihil
Horret relabi? . . . . Numen eſt quod nos movet:
Divina mens intus agit. Eſt Deus, Deus,
Totos per artus fuſus, ipſi animo indicans
Æternitatem. Æternitas . . . . Æternitas!
O dulcis, ô tremenda! quàm terres . . . . places! . . .
Per quot meatus, quot per ancipites vias
Novásque formas rerum inexpertum rapis?
Longè intuenti tractus ille oculis patet
Immenſus, ingens. Debilem at viſum impedit
Caliginoſæ

ACT V.

SCENE I.

CATO Solus.

Sitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo . . . Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well . . . .
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality;
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heav'n itſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,

(And

Caliginoſæ noctis incumbens peplum.
Hîc ergo ſiſtam. Si Deus mundum regit,
(At regere pulchræ ipſe ordo naturæ docet)
Virtute delectatur: & quicquid Deum
Delectat, eſſe non nequit bonum. Aſt ubi,
Quando fruendum? .... Totus hic quantus patet,
Succumbit orbis Cæſari. . . . . Ambiguis labat
Mens feſſa curis. Terminum ponet chalybs.
[*Enſi manum admovet.*
Mors atque vitâ ſic mihi eſt poſitâ in manu.
Ad utramlibet paratus utramque intuor.
Hic vitam adactâ morte momento rapit, [*Primo enſem.*
Mihi ſempiternos ille promittit dies [*deinde librum indicat.*
Animus ſuæ immortalitatis conſcius
Mucronis aciem ridet & temnit minas.
Tenues vetuſtas ſyderum extinguet faces,
Ætate ſol ipſe gravis imminuet diem,
Natura tota denique annoſam induet
Ultima ſenectam; at animus æternâ nitens
Vivet juventâ. Vivet .... & diſcors ubi
Elementa bellum fœdere abrupto gerent,
Et fracta mundi machina ſupremùm gemet,
Illæſus, integer, capite ſe alto efferet
Inter ruinas orbiúmque fragmina.
Sed ecquis artus languor irrepens gravat?
Natura curis laſſa ſuccumbit ſuis,
Requiémque poſcit. Ultimò hoc illi obſequar.
Cedam ſopori, quò magis animus vigil
Inde renovato robore & vitâ integrâ
Sublimè carpat iter ad æthereas domos
Diis digna ſuperis victima. Aut timor aut ſcelus
Aliis quietem rumpat: ignorat CATO
Utrumque, mortem dubius an ſomnum eligat.

SCENA

(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) He muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when! or where!.... This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures .... This muſt end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years,
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her.
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An off'ring fit for heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt: CATO knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to ſleep or die.

SCENA SECUNDA.

CATO, PORCIUS.

CATO.

PORCI, quid hoc? Quorsum hæc, vel unde audacia?
Non imperâram, ne quis huc ferret pedem?
Cur nate, cur sic jussa violantur mea?

PORCIUS.

Dilecte genitor, iste quid gladius minax,
Strictus, neci paratus? O precor, sine,
Sine hinc removeam!

CATO.

Define imprudens puer.

PORCIUS.

Tibi hunc tuorum lachrymæ, & vota & preces,
Communéque periclum omnium è manibus, pater
Extorqueant, oro.

CATO.

Quid? an hosti prodere?
An servituti, an Cæsari, an vinclis dare
Me vis inermum? Hinc illico facesse & patri
Obtemperare disce, vel nôris, puer . . . .

SCENE II.

CATO, PORCIUS.

CATO.

BUT hah! how's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

PORCIUS.

Alas, my father,
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

CATO.

Raſh youth, forbear!

PORCIUS.

O let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger wreſt it from you.

CATO.

Wou'dſt thou betray me? Wou'dſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into Cæſar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!.....

PORCIUS.

Ah quid ità me torvùm aſpicis? vultum, precor,
Exue minacem. Levius eſt mortem pati,
Quàm patris iram. Nulla me cernet dies
Inobſequentem.

CATO.

Sanguinem agnoſco meum.
Jam denuò eſt mihi liberum arbitrium meæ
Vitæ necis-ve. Cinge, jam, Cæſar, viris
Hanc undique urbem, milite frequenti exitus
Portúſque claude, & claſſibus totum tuis
Inſterne pontum, liberam CATO viam
Sibi ipſe aperiet, ſpéſque deludet tuas.

PORCIUS.

O parce nato, genitor; incumbens dolor
Gravis intus anxium ſinum opprimit. O pater,
Te nunc ſupremùm forſan appello patrem,
His parce lachrymis, neve ſuccenſe; & locus
Si quis datur adhuc precibus, hanc mentem exue.

CATO.

Bonus fuiſti ſemper & patri obſequens.
Abſterge lachrymas: cuncta reſtituet dies.
Quos demerere, nate, mihi ſemper meâ
Pietate ſtudui, Dii patrem & natos tegent.

PORCIUS.

PORCIUS.

Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.

CATO,

'Tis well! again I'm maſter of myſelf:
Now, Cæſar, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gath'ring fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up ev'ry port:
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes.....

PORCIUS.

O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe grief hangs heavy on him? O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo! be not diſpleas'd,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And, in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul!

CATO

Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful.
[*embracing him.*
Weep not, my ſon, all will be well again,
The righteous gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour CATO, and preſerve his children.

PORCIUS.

Mihi pectus ægrum dicta ſolantur tua.

CATO.

Porci, timores mitte: ſe indignum CATO
Nil perpetrabit. Vade jam nate, & vide,
Nihil ut amicis deſit: aſcendant rates.
Si placida maria dent ſoluturis noti,
Mihi deinde refer. Exhauſta mens curis labat,
Breviſque ſomni lene ſolamen petit. [*Exit.*

SCENA TERTIA.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

ANIMO parumper pulſus eſt triſti dolor,
Spéſque orta rebus melior afflictis venit.
Auguria niſi vana capio, haud unquam manu
Suâ ipſe vitæ tempora abrumpet pater,
Cujus adeò opus habet orbis & Roma et ſui.

INTRAT *JUBA.*

JUBA.

Tuus ubi Porci, genitor? ubi CATO?

PORCIUS.

Cave
Submiſſa leni verba referantur ſono.
Somnum reclinis lectulo invitat levem.

JUBA.

PORCIUS.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO.

Porcius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; ſee them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them,
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep. [*Exit:*

SCENE III.

PORCIUS, JUBA.

PORCIUS.

MY thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart revives,
I feel a dawn of hope break in upon me.
My father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

ENTER *JUBA.*

JUBA.

Where is your father, Porcius, where is CATO?

PORCIUS.

Juba, ſpeak low, he is retir'd to reſt.

JUBA.

Horrore quodam mens mihi ſacro tremit,
Quoties Catonem cogito. Tanquam Deus
Aliquis ab alto lapſus, auguſtus, gravis,
Rigidus, ſeverus, & tremendus eſt CATO.

PORCIUS.

Gravis & tremendus hoſtibus Romæ licet,
Eſt bonus amicis, placidus & mitis ſuis.
Primis ab annis Porcio talis fuit,
Amans, benignus, facilis, indulgens pater.

JUBA.

Neque Porcio uni: pariter eſt ſemper ſinu
Jubam paterno, ut ſanguinem amplexus ſuum.
Hinc & viciſſim ego filii officio ut patrem
Et amore colui, magna virtutum ſequi
Veſtigia avidus.

PORCIUS.

Inde par decus enitet
Jubæ & Catonis.

JUBA.

Ille me ſolus poteſt
Facere beatum. Fas mihi ô utinam foret
Socerum vocare! At ecqua turbato gerat
Conſilia tacitus pectore, incertum latet.

PORCIUS.

Conſilia pacis mollia videtur ſui
Securus agere. Sola amicorum ſalus
Facit inquietum. Hinc ire me ad portum jubet,
Ubi paſſa ventos carbaſa morantes vocant.
Ne quis reclinem turbet interea vide.

SCENA.

JUBA.

Alas, I tremble when I think on CATO,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
CATO is ſtern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs, that he never felt.

PORCIUS.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodneſs, Juba, always mild,
Compaſſionate and gentle to his friends,
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt father; I have ever found him
Eaſy, and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

JUBA.

'Tis his conſent alone can make me bleſs'd.
Cou'd I but call that wond'rous man my father *,
I might be bleſs'd. But who knows CATO's thoughts?

PORCIUS.

He is retir'd to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatch'd me hence
With orders that beſpeak a mind compos'd,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Juba, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.

SCENE

* *Taken from Act* I. *Scene* II. *and ſpoken by* Sempronius *in the Original.*

SCENA QUARTA.

JUBA Solus.

DII ſoſpitales, quotquot humanum genus
Terráſque regitis, ſi qua reſpectant pios
Numina, Catonem cernite. Vigili torum
Cingite coronâ, & pellite inſomnes metus.
Placido ſopore victus abſiſtat dolor,
Levibúſque mentem ſomniis paſcat quies
Dulcis & amica. Meruit hoc virtus viri.
Hinc quotquot orbem vaſtum & immenſum incolunt,
Studiáque virtutéſque juſtorum ſciant
Diis eſſe curæ.

SCENA QUINTA.

LUCIUS, JUBA.

LUCIUS.

MEMBRA divinus Cato
Léni ſopore laxat. Ipſe alto toro
Vidi jacentem, proh virum qualem, Juba!
Diis vix minorem. Priſtino innixum ſuæ
Vigore mentis tela fortunæ ſupra
Aliquis potenti ſublevat manu Deus.
Toro ſupinum blanda dum mulcet quies,
Tranquillus animo varia quæ finxit ſopor,
Simulachra rerum deviam mentem abſtrahunt,
Placidíſque ludunt ſomniis. Tacito pede
Propiùs ut aceeſſi, ore ſubridens, levi
Voce inquiebat; jam mihi, Cæſar, nequis
Nocere: tutus arma tua temnit Cato.

JUBA.

SCENE IV.

JUBA SOLUS.

O Ye immortal powers that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch and ſoften his repoſe;
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams: remember all his virtues,
And ſhew mankind that goodneſs is your care!

SCENE V.

JUBA, LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

SWEET are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O Juba! I have ſeen the godlike CATO
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fall'n upon him.
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmiled, and cry'd, Cæſar thou can'ſt not hurt me.

JUBA.

Neſcio quid animo turbidus cæco parat
Ingens, tremendum. Gelidus in venis cruor
Formidine coit, horror invadit ſinum.
Deliberata fortè mors tutum facit.

LUCIUS.

Nimios timores pone: qui vigilem ſolet,
Vel ſomniantem ſuſtinet animi vigor.

JUBA.

Novi Catonem. Vincula indocilis pati,
Nunquam probroſo colla ſubmittet jugo.
Jam quoque propinquus hoſtis infeſtis metum
Adauget armis.

LUCIUS.

Dum ſuis CATO intereſt,
Metus omnis abſit. Ipſe nos teget, hoſtibus
Vel nunc tremendus. Pronus ad veniam, moras
Innectit ultro Cæſar, ut tandem CATO
Remittat animum, oblatam & accipiat fidem.

JUBA.

Vana ominaris: miſſus hoſtiles eques
Luſtrare turmas nunciat in urbem redux
Prope imminere Cæſarem. Ipſa ad mœnia
Brevis hora ſiſtet. Turre ab excelſâ, obvios
Quæ ſpectat auſtros, agmine inſtructo licet
Proſpicere turmas. Sol ut oceanum ſubit
Adverſa in arma lucidos ignes vibrat;
Galeæque clypeíque ære rutilanti vomunt
Ferale fulgur, arvâque accendunt novis
Radiata flammis.

LUCIUS.

JUBA.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought
My blood runs cold *; my frighted thoughts fly back,
And ſtartle into madneſs . . . . . .

LUCIUS.

Away! you're too ſuſpicious; all is ſafe †,
While CATO lives . . . . His preſence will protect us.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpos'd to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance, till he hears from CATO.

JUBA.

No, no, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright weſtern tower
We ken them from afar, the ſetting ſun
Plays on their ſhining arms and burning helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUCIUS.

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* *Taken from Act* III. *Scene* II. † Ibid. *Scene* III.

LUCIUS.

Illico è ſomnis CATO
Eſt excitandus. Commodùm à portu redux
En Porcius adeſt.

SCENA SEXTA.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS,

JUBA.

FARE quid, Porci, refers.
Inſolita in oculis ſigna lætitiæ micant.

PORCIUS.

Modò ut petebam concito portum gradu,
Miſſus ab Iberâ lembus advenit plagâ,
Pompeius ubi junior, magni patris
Juratus ultor, bella molitur nova,
Totáſque ad arma in Cæſarem gentes ciet.
His ſe ducem præbere ſi vellet CATO,
Populus Quirini denuò poſſet ſua
Aſſerere jura & lapſa libertas polo
Reviſere orbem numine erectum ſuo. [*auditur gemitus.*
Ah! ecquid audio? unde lamentabilis
Venit ille gemitus?

LUCIUS.

Somno ut indulget CATO,
Alto repoſtam cogitat Romam ſinu;
Dúmque vagus animum turbidum ſopor rapit,
Lugubre fatum patriæ & caſum ingemit. [*alter gemitus.*
Ah rurſus ingemit! . . . Malum, ô ſuperi precor,
Avertite omen. Quin age, mora nulla, adi
Luci, Catonem. [*Exit* Lucius,

PORCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Juba, 'tis time we ſhould awaken CATO.

SCENE VI.

JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS.

JUBA.

PORCIUS, thy looks ſpeak ſomething of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring! methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

PORCIUS.

As I was haſting to the port where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring winds, a ſail arrived
From Pompey's ſon, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouzes the whole nation up to arms.
Were CATO at their head, once more might Rome
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark! what means that groan! [*A groan is heard.*

LUCIUS.

CATO, amidſt his ſlumbers thinks on Rome,
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul
[*another groan.*
Mourns o'er his country; Hah! a ſecond groan . . .
Heav'n guard us all. . . . . [*Exit* Lucius.

POR-

PORCIUS.

Somnus haud tales ſolet
Ciere gemitus. Morte vox gravis ſonat:
Eſt ille ſupremus animam efflantis labor.
Ah! Juba, timeo . . . mihi corda lethalis pavor
Micantia haurit. Neſcio quod ingens malum
Præſagit animus.

JUBA.

Non minor me cura habet,
Dum ſpes metúſque hinc inde dubitantem rapit.

LUCIUS *redit.*

LUCIUS.

Crudele fatum! Verus heu nimium timor!
Mori obſtinatus incubuit enſi CATO.
Suo volutum ſanguine erexi ſolo.
Cathedrâ repoſtus, pallidus, languens trahit
Ægros anhelitus. Sinu ingens plaga hiat. . . . .

JUBA.

O parce, Luci, parce lachrymabili
Aures ferire nuncio. Mente liceat
Conjicere reliqua.

PORCIUS.

Luctus ô quantus meo
Incumbit animo.

JUBA.

Prome nunc omnem tui
Conſtantiam animi, & pectus obfirma malis.

POR-

PORCIUS.

Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound. . . . O! should my father. . . .
I die away with horror at the thought *.

JUBA.

O Porcius, hope and fear rise up at once †,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

O sight of woe! . . . . . .
What we fear'd, O Porcius, is come to pass!
CATO is fall'n upon his sword. I've rais'd him,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale and faint
He gasps for breath. . . . . .

JUBA.

No more, no more, O Lucius!
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale;
And let us guess the rest.

PORCIUS.

O Juba, Juba,
Have I not cause to rave and beat my breast.
To rend my heart with grief and run distracted ‡!

JUBA.

Now, Porcius, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind:
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

* *Act* IV. *Scene* III. † *Act* III. *Scene* I. ‡ *Act* IV. *Scene* III.

PORCIUS.

Totus perhorreſco, velut inopino Jovis
Qui tactus igni palpitat, anhelat, pavet
Vitæque penè neſcius vivit ſuæ.
Siccine mihi, pater optime, ereptus peris?
Siccine pericula inter & belli minas
Deſeris amicos? O mî Oreſtæâ fide
Primis ab annis cognite, ô animo meo
Chariſſime Juba, fare, num tandem putas
Majora poſſe perpeti quenquam mala
Quàm Porcius perpetitur?

JUBA.

. . . . O Porci, meum
Si cor dolori liberum frænum daret,
Juba tibi, Porci, paribus afflictus malis
Lachrymam rependet lachrymâ, gemitum pari
Gemitu rependet. . . . . .

PORCIUS.

Sinite in obſequia patris
Ultima, priuſquam ſpiritum exhalet, ruam.

LUCIUS.

Vernæ obſequentes huc ferunt. Senſim fugit
Dum vita labris, ultimùm affari ſuos
Natum atque amicos voce moribundâ rogat.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

CATO *cathedrâ ſubvectus*, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, SENATORES, *&c.*

PORCIUS.

DII, luctuoſâ Porcio hâc horâ precor,
Succurrite, & bene ferre fortunam date.

LUCIUS.

PORCIUS.

O Juba, I'm diſtreſs'd, I ſtand aſtoniſh'd *
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive
In dreadful looks: A monument of wrath!
Now tell me, Juba, tell me from thy ſoul †,
If thou believeſt, 'tis poſſible for man
To ſuffer greater ills than Porcius ſuffers?

JUBA.

O Porcius, Porcius! might my big ſwoll'n heart
Vent all its griefs and give a looſe to ſorrow,
Juba could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

PORCIUS.

Hence let me fly into my father's preſence ‡,
And pay the laſt ſad duties.

LUCIUS.

His weeping ſervants
Obſequious to his orders bear him hither.
Full of compaſſion, as his life flows from him,
He inſtantly demands to ſee his friends §.

SCENE VII.

CATO *brought in a chair*, JUBA, PORCIUS, LUCIUS, SENATORS, *&c.*

PORCIUS.

O Heav'n aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour.

* *Act* III. *Scene* II. † *Act* IV. *Scene* I. ‡ *Act* V. *Scene* IV. § *Act* V. *Scene* IV.

LUCIUS.

Jam Roma ab alto culmine eversa occidit.

JUBA.

En, en facinora, ô Cæsar, en laurus tuæ,
Tui en triumphi!

CATO.

Me, viri, hîc deponite.
Accede, Porci. Vela num ventis mei
Dedêre amici? Num quid est adhuc super,
Suos juvare quò amplius possit CATO.
Dum vivo, ne fruſtrâ precor, vivam. Ut caret
Anteacta labe vita, liceat ad ultimum
Dixisse, vixi. . . . . Te-ne mi Luci, intuor?
Est grata pietas. Quæ mihi tecum fuit,
Usque sacra nostris vivat in natis fides. . . . .
Juba . . . ô relapsum paululum inclina . . . Juba,
Mihi tuus est notus amor, ... est nota pietas.
Dum salva stabat Roma, Romanus foret
Senator indignatus externum sibi
E regiâ stirpe generum. . . . . At rerum omnia
Discrimina ense sustulit Cæsar suo.
Quicunque pulchrâ laude virtutis nitet,
Romanus audit. . . . . Ægra mors tristi caput
Involvit umbrâ. O quando corporeo anima
Carcere soluta sordidam effugiet humum,
Sedem hanc malorum & sceleris odiosam domum?
Tamen supremum dum fugax iter parat,
Videtur illi lucis æthereæ jubar
Illabi ab alto. Ah! vereor, ut præceps nimis
Facinus patrârit dextera. . . . . O magne superûm
Hominúmque rector, cuncta qui justò æstimas
Momenta

LUCIUS.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

JUBA.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæſar!

CATO.

Here ſet me down ....
Porcius, come near me ... are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
... O Lucius, art thou here? ... Thou art too good ...
Let this our friendſhip live between our children,
Make Porcius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas poor man, he weeps! ... Marcia, my daughter ...
O bend me forward! ... Juba loves thee, Marcia,
A ſenator of Rome, while Rome ſurviv'd,
Wou'd not have match'd his daughter with a king.
But Cæſar's arms have thrown down all diſtinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman ....
... I'm ſick to death ... O when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow! ...
... And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye pow'rs that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,

Momenta rerum, & mentis humanæ intimos
Luſtras receſſus, ſi quid erravi, ... precor, ...
Ne verte crimini. . . . Hominis eſt errare. . . . . At, oh ! . . .
[*moritur.*

LUCIUS.

En civis ille funere indigno perit,
Quo juſtiorem Roma non unquam parens
Sinu educavit. O mihi fruſtra CATO
Dilecte, terris quando te polus invidet,
Habebo ſemper hunc honoratum diem,
Semper & acerbum.

JUBA.

Funebrî pompâ interim
Corpus feramus Cæſari. Motu licèt
Et luce caſſus proteget amicos CATO,
Ubi Catonis cernet exuvias ſuo
Sanguine decoras victor, oblitus feræ
Manſueſcet iræ.

LUCIUS.

Hinc concitæ gentes gravi
Diſcant duello quanta procudit mala
Diſcordium armis civium accenſus furor.
Concuſſa ab alto vertice hinc patria ruit
Teliſque Roma fracta Romanis jacet . . . .
Hinc fraus & omnis criminum emerſit cohors
Raptuſque nobis vixit heu ! fruſtra CATO.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

If I have done amiſs, impute it not! . . . . . .
The beſt may err, but you are good, and . . . oh!

[*dies.*

LUCIUS.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A Roman breaſt; O CATO! O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.

JUBA.

But let us bear this awful corpſe to Cæſar,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath:
CATO, tho' dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.

LUCIUS.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcords flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of CATO's life.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

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